

ALLIES AT LAST DRIVE BACK GERMAN

RIGHT WING OF KAISER'S VAST ARMY FORCED TO RETREAT TEN MILES

German Offensive Against Allied Army Has Been Decisively Checked

BRITISH WORKING TO REAR OF INVADERS

Combined French and English Troops Pressing Strongly Against Both the Flanks of the German-Imperial Guard Under Crown Prince Frederick William Reported to Have Been Almost Annihilated—One of the Most Important Battles of the Campaign Was Fought on Saturday and Sunday to the East and Northeast of the French Capital.

Paris, Sept. 8.—By taking the offensive between Manteuil le Haudouin and Verdun, the allies have driven back the German advance guard to the main army along the 160 miles of battle line.

The German right has fallen back 10 miles, according to dispatches from the front. General Joffre, field marshal of the French, is actively in command of the fighting.

Attack Both Flanks. The war office announces that the German offensive has been decisively checked. Military Governor Gallieni today stated:

"The allies are pressing strongly against both flanks of the enemy. We are certain of ultimate success." Paris is rejoicing over the optimistic news.

Some of the generals believe the German army can be pushed back clear to its original moving in a northerly direction in the Oise valley, Luxembourg. A heavy British force trying to get to the rear of the Germans.

Allies Win a Victory. London, Sept. 8.—A Boulogne dispatch to the Evening News says a telegram has been received from General Pau announcing a victory by the allied forces at Percy Sur Oise, twenty-five miles north of Paris.

The imperial guard, under Crown Prince Frederick William, is reported to have been annihilated by the British force which opposed them, and that the crown prince was in their midst.

Shortly before this news reached London the French official communication was received stating that the Germans were retreating before the vigorous advance by the allied troops on the line from Nanteuil-le-Hardouin to Verdun, a distance of 120 miles. This indicates that the Anglo-French forces have got on the flank of the German right wing, which passed by Paris on the north and was marching eastward to join with the crown prince's army coming south.

Germans Forced Back. The official bureau last night said: "General Joffre's plans are being steadily carried out. The allied forces acting on the offensive, have been successful in checking and forcing back in a northern direction the German forces opposed to them."

Regarding the crown prince's defeat the Evening News dispatch says: "A telegram has been received from General Pau announcing a victory by the allied forces under Field Marshal Sir John French, commanding the British, and General d'Amade at Percy Sur Oise."

"The allies were drawn across the northern line with the center at Prey. The English troops were on the left and the French on the right. The former had in front of them the imperial guard under Crown Prince

FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS AT CLEARFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

The C. H. S. began hard football practice a week ago. On last Tuesday when a call was made for candidates only about three freshmen put in their appearance. This year's coach is Dad Reading, a star line-man of Bucknell, who has had practice and aims to give Clearfield the kind of football team that the supporters of C. H. S. athletics would like to see.

The first regular game is fixed for September 29, and the second with Williamsport High school the following Saturday. C. H. S. also has its old rival, DuBois, on the string.

AUSTRIANS, REINFORCED, WILL BATTLE RUSSIANS

600,000 of Francis Joseph's Men Marching to Engage the Forces of the Czar on the Frontier

A DESPERATE CONFLICT IS IMMINENT

Although badly Whipped, the Austrians Have United and Will Attack Russians—Petrograd Reports That It Is Russia's Purpose to Annihilate the Austrian Army in Russian Poland—Flanking Movement to Stop Austrian Retreat and Prevent German Reinforcements Arriving in Austria.

CRIMINAL COURT OPENS AND MOVES ALONG SLOWLY

The September sessions of criminal court opened Monday morning, with Judge Bell on the bench. The day was occupied with the case of Commonwealth against Philip Deas and Lamar Dotts, assault and battery, the fight between these men and a man named Patchin, having originated over a dispute about some potatoes. The jury retired last night and this morning sent in a sealed verdict, which, upon being opened, proved to be guilty as indicted in the cases of both defendants.

This morning the case against Mat Kemzura, charged with robbing a stolen goods, was taken up and consumed most of the day. This case comes from DuBois, and it is alleged by the Commonwealth that Kemzura accepted pigeons stolen from the coop of a DuBois citizen.

(By International News Service) Petrograd, Sept. 8.—The staff admits that the Austrian army is not completely shattered near Lemberg. Official reports of the Russian front state that those driven out of Russian Poland have succeeded in uniting with fresh reinforcements in southern Galicia and have formed an army of 600,000, which is advancing to battle the Russians near the Galician and Polish frontiers.

Austrians Retreating. The Austrian army corps between the Vistula and the Bug rivers in Russian Poland are retreating with enormous losses. The resistance of the enemy has been broken.

To Crush the Enemy. This official announcement indicates that this is a successful beginning of the Russian army's effort completely to crush Austria's war power. The victorious General Rousky, with part of his armies which captured Lemberg, is now co-operating with the czar's northern troops, and the capture or extermination of all Austrian forces in Russian Poland is looked for here.

Many Austrians Captured. The Russians began extended offensive tactics September 4 along the entire Austrian line of battle, two days after the capture of Lemberg. The enemy's center, located in the region of Krassnyaw, about thirty miles southeast of Lubin, suffered the most from the Russian attack.

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION WAS QUIET AFFAIR HERE

Labor Day was variously celebrated in Clearfield. The driving past was the means for several hundred people, but the jubilation proclaimed was not what was expected. Aside from a graced pig contest and baby show, program was brief. The Curwenville and Grampian bands the coursed music during the day and the Rockton drum corps, under the leadership of Simon Welly, the veteran musician, outdid the occasion.

Some 500 citizens went to Philadelphia to witness the celebration there, and returned home in the evening well pleased with the program that had been prepared for the entertainment of the public. In the band contest the Fifth Regiment band easily won first prize.

The weather was the best that the weather bureau had in stock, and those who could get out doors enjoyed the fresh, warm air.

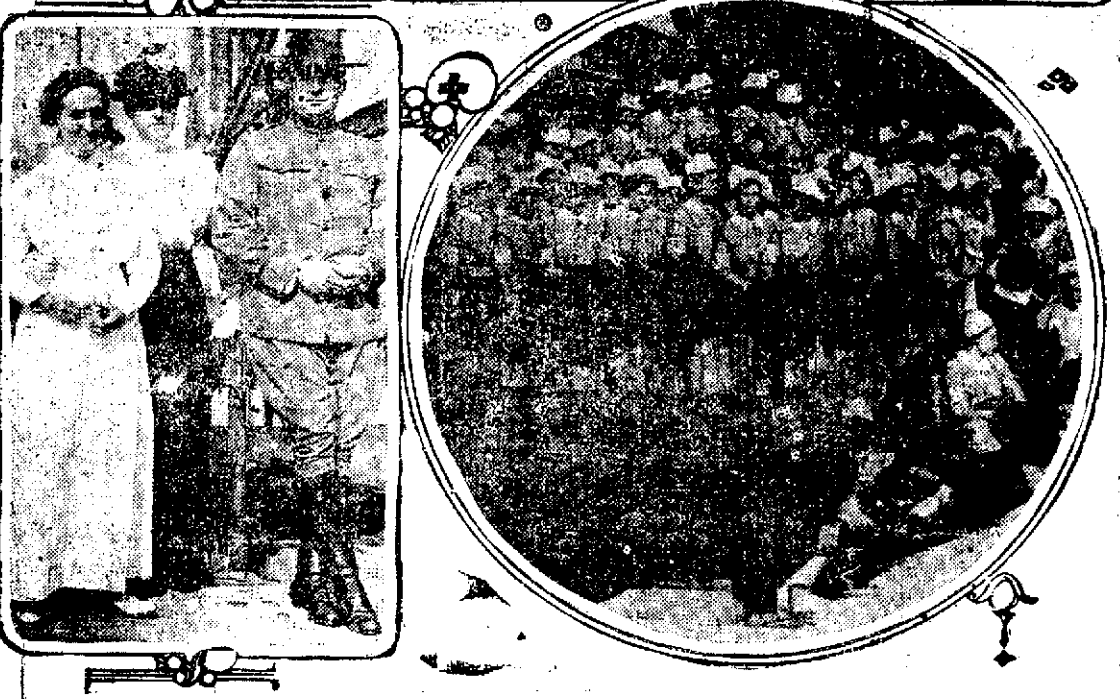
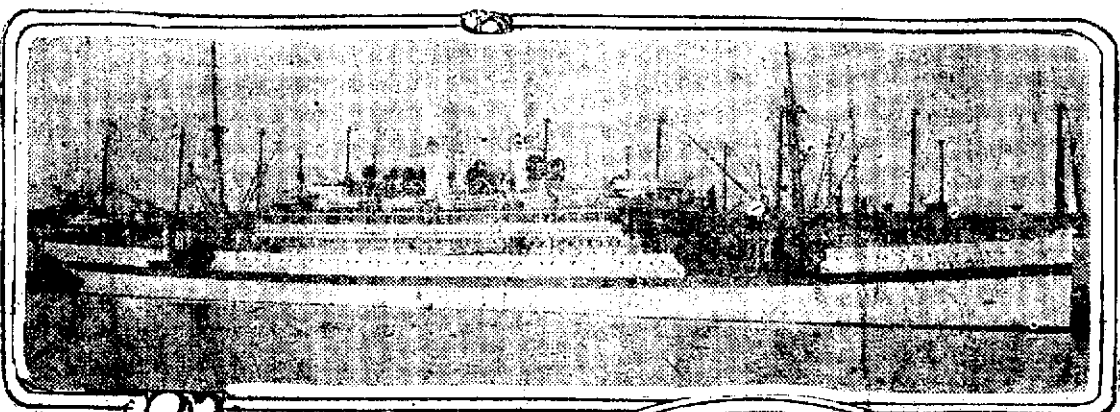
The schools held a morning session, and criminal court ground out justice slowly but surely.

Some few citizens imbibed freely of the cup that intoxicates, but on a whole the day passed off without any serious disturbance.

President Asks People to Petition For Peace

(By International News Service) Washington, Sept. 8.—President Wilson's prayer-day proclamation contains the following words: "The war draws millions of men into battle whom the counsel of statesmen have not been able to protect from the terrible sacrifice."

He requests all God-fearing persons to unite in petitions to the Almighty God that, setting straight the things they cannot govern or alter, He vouchsafe healing peace.



AMERICAN RED CROSS RELIEF CORPS NOW ON ITS WAY TO WAR-STRICKEN EUROPE. The top picture is of the Hamburg-American liner Hamburg, repainted in red and white and renamed the Red Cross, just before it sailed from New York for Havre on Monday. Below at the left are (from left to right): Miss Helen Scott Hay, providing nurse; Miss Jane Delano, president of the American Red Cross, and Major Robert Patterson, in charge of the expedition. At the right is a group of the nurses photographed before sailing.

CLEARFIELD MAY HAVE BIG HOSPITAL

Site for Social Service Plant Being Sought in This County

WOULD BE AN IMMENSE AFFAIR

Most Comprehensive Social Service Planned by the Mercy Hospital of Philadelphia—Would be Used to House Negro Convalescents and Deficients.

Special to the Progress Philadelphia, Sept. 8.—It is proposed to transfer the entire social service work of Mercy hospital to rural Pennsylvania. This plan anticipates the establishing of the most comprehensive social service plant in the world devoted to the uplift of the colored race.

A farm site for the proposed plant is now being sought in Clearfield county by the trustees of Mercy hospital, and when a suitable place shall have been secured buildings will be erected for the proper housing of convalescents, orphans and negro deficients who require changed environments, vocational training and hospital treatment along with general education.

It has been proved impractical to restore the chronic sick to health in city hospital. The facilities for outdoor treatment, occupation and exercise are too restricted to produce the desired results and social conditions make all schemes for home treatment largely ineffective.

General hospitals are not to treat colored patients. The number of colored physicians and nurses has multiplied in recent years until it is now possible to not only equip a hospital with modern appliances for all departments of medical and surgical work but it is also entirely practical to people it entirely with colored physicians, surgeons, pharmacists and nurses all of whom possess the peculiar knowledge essential to the proper handling of colored patients.

The Mercy hospital plan of the day is to house them for medical and surgical treatment, but it is a serious business in the face of an ever growing

ing demand for practical social service.

The management of Mercy hospital, which is entirely a philanthropic institution, purposes to establish a large plant in rural Pennsylvania which will not only house the colored orphan but care for the colored adult during the period of convalescence and to make both self supporting and self-respecting through vocational training.

A committee, including Dr. A. B. Jackson, Dr. E. T. Hinson and Dr. H. M. Minton, has been named to work out a detailed plan for submission at the next meeting of the board of trustees.

A large, well-watered farm, including some woodland, is desired for the housing of this comprehensive philanthropic looking to the permanent betterment of the colored race and the solution of the negro problem.

TWO PRISONERS ESCAPE FROM COUNTY JAIL

Ralph Rasch, of Chester Hill, in jail on the charge of robbery, and Joseph Shubert, of Lufosa, charged with malicious mischief, escaped from prison sometime Monday morning. The boys were occupants of the women's apartment, which, not unlike other parts of the jail, is insecure, and they had little difficulty in loosening the bars of the cell door.

Reaching the porch roof of the jailer themselves to the ground by means of a rope, and then departed for parts unknown. They stole Harry Forester's bicycle, but abandoned it for the automobile of Stewart Hey, at the Century home. In this they rode for a short distance, but ran it into a ditch.

Although diligent search has been made for the escaped prisoners they are still at large. It was expected that the boys would be sent to Glen Mills at the present session of court as both of them are in need of reform.

Rasch and Shubert armed themselves with an iron bar and a pair of scissors, both ugly weapons, and they had been encouraged by the jailer to launch a war on the jailer's laundry, which they undoubtedly would have used as weapons. They were seen to escape by a police constable.

It's proposed to take The Daily Progress.

DEFENDING PARIS HERCULEAN TASK

At Least 270,000 Men Required to Defend the Forts

SEVENTEEN BIG FORTRESSES

Wall of the City Could be Knocked Down in a Few Hours by the Guns of the Enemy—Germans Will Have Hard Work in Attempting to Capture the French Citadel.

(SPECIAL TO THE PROGRESS) Should the German army succeed in actually investing Paris, an army of at least 270,000 would be required to defend the French capital. To man the ring of forts that defends the city would require 170,000 men and there would have to be a reserve army of at least 100,000 men to take the places of the slain.

The forts that defend Paris are said to be the most formidable fortifications in the world. Certainly they are the most costly. They have cost the French nation something more than \$300,000,000.

Doubtless it is to be prepared to man the forts of Paris that the French war office has called to the colors every available reservist in the country. Obviously the huge French army now in the field would oppose the advancing Germans every inch of the way, fighting to the very environs of the capital. None of these troops could be spared to work the forts, so that a fresh army is needed to defend the capital in the remote contingency that the Germans actually invest the city.

In the system of defenses about Paris and all cities protected by modern works, the forts form only the skeleton of the fortified lines.

The bastioned wall which used to be relied upon as the main defense of a city is impossible today. A stone wall of the old type would today be reduced by modern siege guns in less time than it would take to tell it. And to surround a modern city with an impenetrable circle of forts would be an economic impossibility for the richest nation.

A space of six miles, at least, has to be left between the first ring

(Continued on Page Eight)

Austrians Destroy Bridge on the Border of Italy

(By International News Service) Lausanne, Switzerland, Sept. 8.—Two hundred thousand Austrians are massed near Trent and the railroad into Italy was blown up, according to a correspondent to the Gazette, wiring from Austrian Tyrol.

He adds that all strategic positions are being fortified with guns and trenches with top speed. Several Italians have been arrested and shot just over the frontier in the Austrian province of Istria. They were accused of trying to

foment rebellion against Austria among the Italian inhabitants of that province, and they were executed without trial.

AUSTRALIA STOPS FOODSTUFFS BEING SENT TO GERMANY (By International News Service) Melbourne, Australia, Sept. 8.—Suspecting food shipments from Australia for Germany, the government has forbidden the exportation of wheat, corn and other grains to any place other than Great Britain.

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Blue Book," "The Black Boy," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

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CHAPTER XIII.

No Quarter.

"Who else?"

"You would hear there in the hotel, substituted yourself for her, deceived me into thinking you were—"

"Of course," she said simply. "Why not? When I saw her sleeping there—the mirror of myself, completely at my mercy—what else should I think of than to take her place with the man I loved? I knew you'd never know the difference—at least I was fool enough for the moment to believe I could stand being loved by you in her name! It was only today, when I'd had time to think, that I realized how impossible that was!"

A sudden slap of the mainmast boom astarboard and a simultaneous cry from over the stern roused Alan from his consternation to fresh appreciation of the emergency. With scant consideration he hustled the woman to the passageway and below, slammed the door and closed her in with the sliding hatch—all in a breath—then sprang to the taffrail, just in time to find a hissing hand sorely wanted by Mr. Barcus in his efforts to climb aboard, after he had pulled the dory up under the stern by its painter.

No came over the rail in a towering temper.

"I hope you'll pardon the apparent appearance," he suggested coolly, as man as able to articulate coherently—but may I inquire if that black-headed villain is your blushing sweetheart?"

Alan shook a helpless head. The man's faded reasonable expression, his smile—a feeble stagger at it with a faint satisfaction either to himself or to the outraged Barcus.

"We're all a damned nuisance! What's her sister—I mean, the right wife sister—and her precise double—looked me—not quite right in the head, I'm afraid."

"You may well be afraid, you poor cat!" Mr. Barcus snapped. "You know what she did? Threw me overboard! Well! Came on deck a white flag, sweet as peach, and all of a sudden whips out a gun as big as a cannon, points it at my head and orders me to jump into the water. Before I could make sure I wasn't dreaming, she had fired twice—in the air—a signal to that blessed fisherman astern there—at least, they answered with two toots of a power whistle and charged course to run up to us. Look how she's gained already!"

"But how did she happen to throw you overboard?"

"Happen nothing!" Barcus snapped, getting to his feet. "She did it a purpose—flew at me like a wildcat, and before I knew what was up—I was slammed backwards over the rail."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," Alan responded gravely. "There's more to tell—but one thing to be done first."

"And that?" Mr. Barcus inquired suspiciously.

"To get rid of the lady," Alan announced firmly. "Make that fisherman a present of the woman in the case. You don't mind parting with the dory in a good cause—if I pay for it?"

"Take it for nothing," Barcus grumbled. "Cheap at the price!"

He took Alan's place, watching him with a sardonic eye as he drew the ladder in under the leeward quarter, made it fast, and repossessed the companionway.

As the girl came on deck without other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful sweetness, Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untempered malignity; her second, for Barcus, with a cunning lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognized how well the fisherman had fared up on the Seaventure.

"Friends of yours, I take?" Alan inquired civilly.

"With nodding."

"Then it would seem somewhat probable—personally included—if you'll be good enough to step into the dory without a struggle."

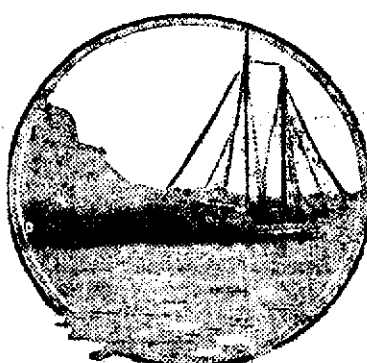
Without a word, Judith stepped to the rail and, as Barcus lifted, swung herself overboard into the dory.

Immediately Alan cast off, and as the little boat sheered off, Barcus, with a sigh of relief, brought the Seaventure once more back upon her course.

For some few minutes there was silence between the two men, while the tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman playing a brisk pair of oars.

Then, suddenly elevating his nose, Barcus sniffed audibly. "Here," he said sharply, "relieve me for a minute, will you? I want to go forward and have a look at that motor."

In the time that he remained invisible between decks the fisherman luffed, picked up the dory and its occupant, and came round again in chase of the Seaventure.



Flames Licked Out All Over the Schooner.

this reek of gasoline; but just for moral effect, Phew-w! I'd give a dollar for a breath of clean air; I've inhaled so much gas in the last few hours I'm dry-cleaned down to my silly old toes!"

Gaining no response from Alan, he observed critically: "Chatty little customer, your are," and resumed the bilgehauling.

For thirty minutes nothing happened, other than that the sound of the fisherman's launch was stilled. It rested motionless in the water, two figures mysteriously busy in the cockpit, the Seaventure's dory trailing behind it on a long painter.

Gradually these details became blurred, and were blotted out by the closing shadows. The afterglow in the west grew cool and faint. The crimson waters darkened, to mauve, to violet, to a translucent green, to blackness. Far up the coast two white eyes, peering over the horizon, stared steadfastly through the dark. "Chatham lights," Barcus said they were.

Abruptly he dropped the glasses and jumped up. "Hear that!" he cried.

Now the humming of the motor was again audible and growing louder with every instant; and Alan, getting to his feet in turn, infected with the excitement of Barcus, could just make out at some distance a dark shadow beneath the dim, spluttering glimmer of light, that moved swiftly and steadily toward the Seaventure.

"What the devil!" he demanded, puzzled.

"You uttered a mouthful when you said 'devil'!" Barcus commented, grasping his arm and hurrying him to the leeward side of the vessel.

"Quick—kick off your shoes—get set for a milk-hug swim! Devil's work, all right!" he panted, hastily divesting himself of shoes and outer garments. "I couldn't make out what they were up to till I saw them lash the wheel, light the fuse, start the motor, and take to the dory. They've made on grand little torpedo boat out of that tender—"

He sprang upon the rail, steadying himself with a stay. "Ready?" he asked. "Look sharp!"

By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and coming to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure. For the next several seconds they were swimming frantically, and not until three hundred feet or more separated them from the schooner did either dare pause for breath or a backward glance.

Then the impact of the launch against the Seaventure's side rang out across the waters, and with a husky roar the launch blew up, spewing skywards a widespread fan of flame. Over the Seaventure, as this flamed and died, pale fire seemed to hover like a tremendous pall of phosphorescence, a weird and ghastly glare that suddenly descended to the decks. There followed a crackling noise, a sound as of the labored breathing of a giant; and, bright flames, orange, crimson, violet and gold, licked out all over the schooner, from stem to stern, from deck to topsails.

It seemed several minutes that she burned in this wise—it was probably not so long—before her decks blew up and the flames swept roaring to the sky.

By the time Alan and Barcus, swimming steadily, had gained a shoal which permitted them footing in waist-deep waters, the Seaventure had burned to the water's edge.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS

Research and News.

Edited by

REV. ROBERT C. PETERS

Weak Children and Alcohol.

Prof. Taav Laitinen, of the University of Helsinki, reports a comparison of children in 50a. abstaining and 50 in drinking families in one village in Finland. In the abstaining families, the weakly children were found to constitute 1.3 per cent; in the drinking families they were 8.2 per cent. Of the children in the abstaining families, 18.6 per cent died while still children; in the drinking families 24.8 per cent died.

Influence of Alcohol on Young.

Stockard reports experiments with guinea-pigs, giving these results: 1. When father was alcoholic and mother normal, only 12 living young were born; 7 soon died; the 5 living were unusually small, shy, excitable animals. All that died had convulsions.

2. A mother alcoholic, father normal; 5 young born; 3 died immediately.

3. Both parents alcoholic; 1 young born, died at once. Total for alcoholic percentage: 42 matings. 18 young born, 7 living, of whom 5 were stunted.

Non alcoholic parents: 9 matings. 17 young born, all large, vigorous animals.

Alcohol Burden to Childhood.

Statistics based on an investigation of 5,184 children by the Committee of FIF, in 1889, showed that 45.8 per cent of childhood's burdens are caused by abuse or neglect traceable to intemperance to parents or guardians. Of every dollar given to relieve neglected or destitute children, forty-six cents goes to care for the result of drink.

Yes, This Man is Deutscher.

Friedrich Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin, in his "System of Ethics," says:

"There are regions in Germany where no inconsiderable proportion of the male population goes to ruin as the direct consequence of the mania for drink; and there is no province where the profoundest disturbances do not extend from this cause over the entire life."

How Alcohol Saps Endurance.

Tests made in the Swedish army showed that soldiers, when abstinent, averaged 395.5 shots before becoming exhausted, but only 277.5 shots when they had taken a short time before the contest as much alcohol as is contained in one and one-quarter pints of beer.

Alcohol and Suicide.

According to the United States Mortality Reports, 23 per cent. of the suicides in the United States are supposed to be due to intemperance. During the eight years of 1900-1908 it is estimated that 11,986 persons killed themselves because of alcohol.

Drink's Toll From Prime of Life.

In 91 per cent. of men 40 to 50 years of age dying of liver cirrhosis, alcohol was given as one cause; in 31 per cent. of deaths from digestive diseases; in 30 per cent. of deaths from pneumonia; in 23 per cent. of deaths from diseases of the stomach; in 22 per cent. of kidney ailments; in 21 per cent. of heart ailments; in 19 per cent. of diabetes; in 18 per cent. of general debility.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF



FRENCH SCOUTS ON THE FIELD AT WATERLOO.

This photograph, taken when the Germans had not yet started their determined march toward the French capital, shows two French scouts on the historic field of Waterloo on the lookout for trace of a band of riding German Uhlans. In the background of the picture can be seen the pyramid monument at Waterloo, surmounted by the British lion.

WAR MAPS FOR PROGRESS READERS

Valuable Aids to Understanding of European Situation

A HANDSOME PIECE OF WORK

With These Maps the Public Can Tell at a Glance the Location of the Cities and Towns Where the Belligerent Nations are Struggling for Supremacy—How Maps May Be Procured.

In keeping with its determination to give the readers of the Progress the latest and best news of the great European war, the management of this paper has decided to distribute to the public at a nominal cost to the people an official map of the world, in which the big armies of the warring powers are fighting. With the aid of this map the citizen can trace accurately the movements of the armies and discover the scenes of battles as reported day by day in the news columns of the Progress.

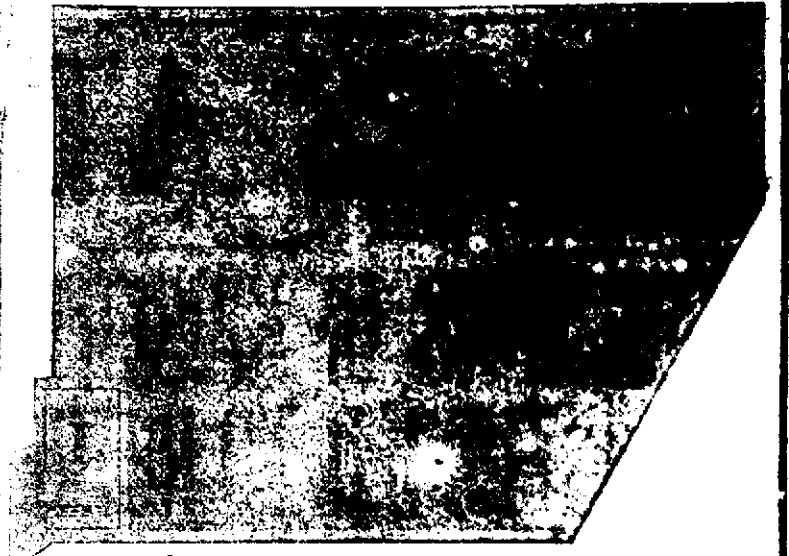
This map is large, is printed in five colors, with the names and locations of the towns and cities, mountains, rivers and other data necessary to a complete understanding of the situation in the war zone. The map was originally made in Europe by the wax process, at once expensive and complete, and has been reproduced in this country on copperplate. The type is clear and the places sought by the man who is after information regarding the war are plainly marked. On the back of this map is to be found the latest and most authentic information regarding the nations now engaged in the conflict.

The Progress has been able to procure a number of these maps for distribution to those who wish to have an intelligent conception of the great events which are happening in Europe. To secure one of these maps the reader will cut the coupon from another page of this paper and present it, with ten cents, at the counter of the business office of the Progress and one of the maps will be handed to him. As the number of copies of the map which the Progress was able to get is limited it will be well for those who wish copies to call early.

The maps will be sent by mail either in town or out of town for 12 cents in coin, stamps or money order. They are really the most valuable maps of Europe that are being made, and will prove a source of interest to those who wish to keep abreast of the war. If you wish to know the movements of the armies in the great European conflict, get one of these maps at once.

It's pleasing to take the Progress.

War Map Coupon

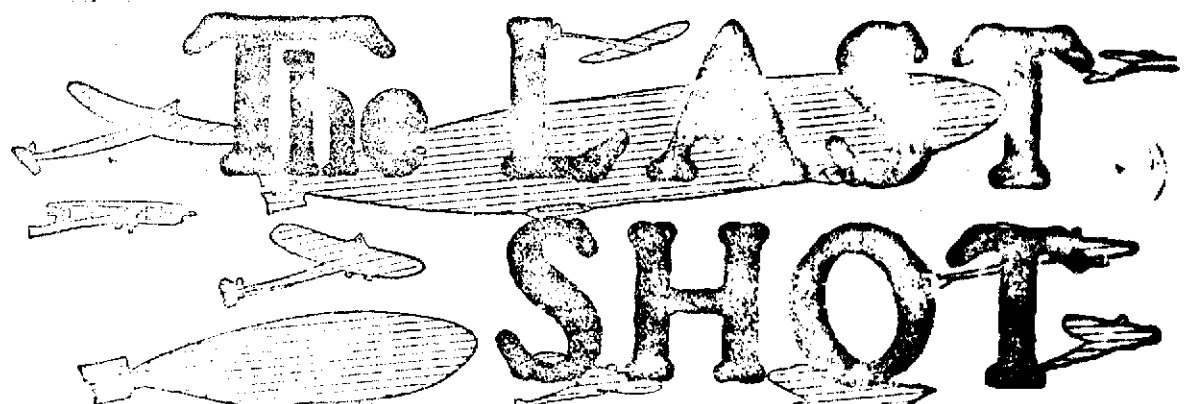


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SHOT

By FREDERICK PALMER

A REMARKABLE story of war as waged with modern armaments in which aeroplanes and dirigibles play an important part.

A startling prophecy of the conflict in which the powers of Europe are now engaged

Written by a war correspondent of international reputation who has witnessed practically all of the conflicts of nations during the past twenty years.

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A story without partisanship but which virtually recounts the terrific struggle now taking place in Europe—probably the greatest in the history of the world. Our new serial.

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Read it in The Progress Today

THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER

In this story Mr. Palmer, the noted war correspondent, has painted as he has seen it on many battlefields, and between many nations. His intimate knowledge of armies and armaments has enabled him to produce a graphic picture of the greatest of all wars, and his knowledge of conditions has led him to prophesy an end of armed conflicts. No man is better qualified to write the story of the final world war than Mr. Palmer, and he has handled his subject with a master hand.

CHAPTER I.

A Speck in the Sky.

It was Marta who first saw the speck in the sky. Her outcry and her bound from her seat at the table brought her mother and Colonel Westerling after her onto the lawn, where they became motionless figures, screening their eyes with their hands. The newest and most wonderful thing in the world at the time was this speck appearing above the irregular horizon of the Brown range, in view of a landscape that centuries of civilization had fertilized and cultivated and formed.

At the base of the range ran a line of white stone posts, placed by international commissions of surveyors to the north of an inch variation. In the very direction of the speck's flight a spur of tooth-hills extended into the plain that stretched away to the Gray range, distant at the distance of thirty miles in the bright afternoon light. Faithful to their post in refusing to cede, the white posts circled around the spur, hugging the levels.

In the lap of the spur was La Tir, the old town, and on the other side of the boundary lay South La Tir, the new town. Through both ran the dusty ribbon of a road, drawn straight across the plain and over the glistening thread of a river. On its way to the pass of the Brown range it skirted the garden of the Gallands, which rose in terraces to a seventeenth century house overlooking the old town from its outskirts. They were such a town, such a road, such a landscape as you may see on many European frontiers. The Christian people who lived in the region were like the Christian people you know if you look for the realties of human nature under the surface differences of language and habits.

Beyond the house rose the ruins of a castle, its tower still intact. Marta always referred to the castle as the baron; for in her girlhood she had a way of personifying all inanimate things. If the castle walls were covered with hoar frost, she said that the baron was shivering; if the wind tore around the tower, she said that the baron was groaning over the democratic tendencies of the time. On such a summer afternoon as this, the baron was growing old gracefully, at peace with his enemies.

Centuries older than the speck in the sky was the baron; but the pass road was many more, countless more, centuries older than he. It had been a trail for tribes long before Roman legions won a victory in the pass, which was acclaimed an imperial triumph. To hold the pass was to hold the range. All the blood shed there would make a red river, inundating the plain.

"Beside the old baron, we are parvenus," Marta would say. "And what a parvenu the baron would have been to the Roman aristocrat!"

"Our family is old enough—none older in the province!" Mrs. Galland would reply. "Marta, how your mind does wander! I'd get a headache just contemplating the things you are able to think of in five minutes."

The first Galland had built a house on the land that his king had given him for one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the history of the pass. Even the tower, raised to the glory of an older family whose descendants, if any survived, were unaware of their lineage, had become known as the Galland tower. The Gallands were rooted in the soil of the frontier; they were used to having war's hot breath blow past their door; they were at home in the language and customs of two peoples; there was a peculiar tradition, which Marta had absorbed with her first breath. Town and plain and range were the first vista of landscape that she had seen; doubtless they would be the last.

One or two afternoons a week Colonel Hedworth Westerling, commander of the regimental post of the Grays on the other side of the white posts, stretched his privilege of crossing the frontier and appeared for tea at the Gallands. It meant a pleasant half-hour breaking a long wall, a relief from garrison surroundings, and in view of the order, received that morning, this was to be a farewell call.

He had found Mrs. Galland an agreeable reflection of an aristocratic past. The daughter had what he defined vaguely as girlish piquancy. He found it amusing to try to answer her unusual questions; he liked the variety of her inventive mind, with its flashes of downright matter-of-factness.

Not until tea was served did he mention his new assignment; he was going to the general staff at the capital. Mrs. Galland murmured her congratulations in conventional fashion.

Marta's chair was drawn back from the table. She leaned forward in a favorite position of hers when she was intensely interested, with hands clasped over her knee, which her mother always found aggravatingly uncomfortable. She had a nose of 18th century

in repose. But capable of changing curves of emotion. Her large dark eyes, luminously deep under long lashes if not the rest of her face had beauty. Her head was bent, the lashes forming a line with her brow now, and her eyes had the still flame of wonder that they had when she was looking all around a thing and through it to find what it meant.

"Some day you will be chief of staff, the head of Gray army!" she suddenly exclaimed.

Westerling started as if he had been surprised in a secret. Then he flushed slightly.

"Why?" he asked with forced carelessness. "Your reasons? They're more interesting than your prophecy."

"Because you have the will to be," she said without emphasis, in the impersonal revelations of thought. "You want power. You have ambition."

He looked the picture of it with his square jaw, his well-moulded head set close to the shoulders on a sturdy neck, his even teeth showing as his lips parted in an unconscious smile.

"Marta, Marta! She is—is so explosive," Mrs. Galland remarked apologetically to the colonel.

"I asked for her reasons. I brought it on myself—and it is not a bad compliment," he replied. Indeed, he had never received one so thrilling.

His smile, a smile well pleased with itself, remained as Mrs. Galland began to talk of other things, and its lingering satisfaction disappeared only with Marta's cry at sight of the speck in the sky over the Brown range. She was out on the lawn before the others had risen from their seats.

"An aeroplane! Hurry!" she called. How fast the speck grew!

Naturally, the business of war watching for every invention that might serve its ends, was the first patron of flight. Captain Arthur Lanstron, pupil of a pioneer aviator, had been warned by him and by the chief of staff of the Browns, who was looking on, to keep in a circle close to the ground. But he was doing so well



"It Must Be Banded—'I'm Not Going to Faint!"

that he thought he would try rising a little higher. The summits of the range shot under him, unfolding a variegated rug of landscape. He dipped the planes slightly, intending to follow the range's descent and again they answered to his desire. The tower loomed before him as suddenly as if it had been shot up out of the earth. He must turn, and quickly, to avoid disaster; he must turn, or he would be across the white posts in the enemy's country.

"Oh!" gasped Marta and Mrs. Galland together.

In an agony of suspense they saw the fragile creation of cloth and bamboo and metal, which had seemed as secure as an albatross riding on the lap of a steady wind, dip far over, career back in the other direction, and then the whirling noise that had grown with its flight ceased. It was no longer

a thing of winged life defying the law of gravity, but a thing dead, falling under the burden of a living weight.

"The engine has stopped!" exclaimed Westerling, any trace of emotion in his observant imperturbability that of satisfaction that the machine was the enemy's. He was thinking of the exhibition, not of the man in the machine.

Marta was thinking of the man who was about to die. She rushed down the terrace steps wildly, as if her going and her agonized prayer could avert the inevitable. The plane, descending, skinned the garden wall and passed out of sight. She heard a thud, a cracking of braces, a ripping of cloth, but no cry.

Westerling had started after her, exclaiming, "This is a case for first aid!" while Mrs. Galland, taking the steps as fast as she could, brought up the rear. Through the gateway in the garden wall could be seen the shoulders of a young officer, a streak of red coursing down his cheek, rising from the wreck. An inarticulate sob of relief broke from Marta's throat followed by quick gasps of breath. Captain Arthur Lanstron was looking into the startled eyes of a young girl that seemed to reflect his own emotions of the moment after having shared those he had in the air.

"I flew!" he said. "And I'm alive. I managed to hold her so she missed the wall and made an easy bump. He got one foot free of the wreck and that leg was all right. She shared his cation. Then he found that the other was uninjured just as she cried in distress."

But your hand—oh, your hand! His left hand hung limp from the wrist, cut, mashed and bleeding. His eyes numbed he had not as yet felt any pain from the injury. Now he regarded it in a kind of awestruck stare of realization of a deformity to come.

"Wool gathering again!" he muttered to himself crossly.

Then, seeing that she had turned white, he thrust the disgusting thing behind his back and twinged with the movement. The pain was arising.

"It must be banded!" he begged. "I'm not going to faint or anything like that!"

"Only bruised—and it's the left. I am glad it was not the right," he replied. Westerling arrived and joined Marta in offers of assistance just as they heard the prolonged honk of an automobile demanding the right of way at top speed in the direction of the pass.

"Thank you, but they're coming for me," said Lanstron to Westerling as he glanced up the road.

Westerling was looking at the wreck Lanstron, who recognized him as an officer, though in mufti, kicked a bit of the torn cloth over some apparatus to hide it. At this Westerling smiled faintly. Then Lanstron saluted as officer might salute across the white posts, giving his name and receiving in return Westerling's.

They made a contrast, these two men, the colonel of the Grays, swart and sturdy, his physical vitality so evident, and the captain of the Browns, some seven or eight years the junior, bareheaded, in dishevelled fatigue uniform, his lips twitching, his slender body quivering with the pain that he could not control, while his rather bold forehead and delicate, sensitive features suggested a man of nerve and nerves who might have left experiments in a laboratory for an adventure in the air. There was a kind of challenge in their glances; the challenge of an ancient feud of their peoples; of the professional rivalry of polite duelists. Lanstron's slight figure seemed to express the weaker number of the three million soldiers of the Browns; Westerling's bulkier one the four million five hundred thousand of the Grays.

"You had a narrow squeak and you made a very snappy recovery at the last second," said Westerling, passing a compliment across the white posts. "That's in the line of duty for you and me, isn't it?" Lanstron replied, his voice thick with pain as he forced a smile.

There was no pose in his fortitude. He was evidently disgusted with himself over the whole business, and he turned to the group of three officers and a civilian who alighted from a big



1788 FRENCH LANCERS WARMLY WELCOMED IN BELGIUM.

The photographs shown above were taken two weeks ago when the French mounted troops first crossed the French front into Belgium to meet the onrushing German invaders. The picture shows a Belgian girl and her father greeting and directing the first two men of the army's vanguard. The photograph is of French lancers being greeted and supplied with food by Belgian peasants.

AT ONCE! CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

Breathe Freely! Clear Stuffed-up Inflamed Nose and Head and Stop Catarrhal Discharges. Cures Colds and Headache.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm"

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open, you will breathe freely, dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold in head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of

the nostrils, penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which lines the nose, head and throat, clears the air passages, stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing, Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

Notice is Hereby Given

That application will be made to the Public Service Commission of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania for a certificate of public convenience, evidencing the Commission's approval of an agreement with the Penn Public Service Company for the joint use of poles the public hearing on which will be held in the rooms of the Commission at Harrisburg, on the 16th day of September, 1914, at 10 A. M., when and where all persons in interest may appear and be heard if they so desire. S 27 9 2.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons—the best of the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly. tf.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

FEATURING THE BIG UNIVERSAL PROGRAM 5 REELS---TO-NIGHT, SEPT. 8th

A Master of Burlesque
"When Girls Join the Force"

"There is a Destiny"
VICTOR

"The Miracle"
ECLAIR

"A Rural Love Affair" Sterling

Mobilubricant

For Grease Cups, Steering Gears, Differential, Transmission, etc.

Put up in one-pound cans with force feed.

No Dirt. No Trouble. No Waste

Easy to Carry and Nice to Handle

25c per can

RUBBERSTONE

The Original Healing Treatment For Automobile Tires. It Heals Punctures Instantly and Effectively.

Prices: For a Tire up to 32x3 1-2 \$1.25 each. For a Tire 32x4 up to and including a 35x4 1-2 \$1.50 each. Larger Tires \$3.00 each.

Our Repair Department is Complete

Texaco

A High-Grade Automobile Oil. 60c

For a One-Gallon-Can

This is a special Introductory-Price, as the Oil alone sells at 60c in barrel lots

The can is square and has a detachable spout—it is a 25c article, all for 60c.

Oppo. Witmr Inn

HARDER'S GUN WORKS

Clearfield, Penn'a.

BY TAD

DISTANCE LENDS, ETC.
Labor Day in Clearfield was celebrated like many other holidays are here—by a large number of citizens going elsewhere to spend their money and the hours of daylight. About five hundred citizens went to Phillipsburg to see a parade somewhat similar to that which was witnessed in Clearfield on the Fourth of July. Phillipsburg offered inducements to the people of the surrounding towns to visit that town Monday, and thousands took advantage of the opportunity. There was a celebration of the day.

Used by Special Permission From the Chicago Tribune.

WHY ADVERTISE NOW?

We are asked to advise if, under present conditions, advertising should be curtailed.

But each line has its own unique "present conditions." Such a question involves several forms of advice.

These are boom times in some lines. Many factories are overwhelmed with orders. Some face a demand far beyond their capacity.

Some cater largely to farmers, and farmers in general seem this year to be getting rather more than their share of prosperity. The farmer with full pockets finds nothing too good for him. He's a magnificent spender.

These fortunate advertisers who are oversold can very wisely cut down on their advertising. There is no virtue in selling more than one can deliver.

There are other lines imported, or requiring imported materials, on which there is stoppage of supplies.

There are lines which for these, or other transient reasons, sell now at abnormal prices. There are lines sold at fixed prices, on which advancing costs have decimated profits for a time. On all such lines one might advise curtailment in all forms of salesmanship.

But "present conditions" in general mean a degree of depression, a shade of uncertainty. And the query is, if in such situations advertising should be curtailed or stopped.

By all means, no. Should a runner stop for a rising grade, or a swimmer for an adverse tide? If they did, where might there rivals in the race be when they started up?

Advertising ought to be the cheapest salesmanship. Also the most efficient. If it is that, then it is the last force to reduce. If it isn't, then it needs, in good or bad times, rehabilitation.

In national advertising our most prosperous times come during business depression. Then is when men who are on the right lines fight hardest. Then is when waste is eliminated, and the cheapest and best methods are used to the limit. And then is when the weak and inefficient abandon the field to the stronger.

There may be less business to get in dull times, but there are also less men who use the best ways to get it. Some of the greatest harvest ever gathered in advertising have been garnered in times of depression.

We find good advertising is rarely stopped by misfortune. It is ten times as often stopped by overdemand. The chief clients of this house are today pressing advertising harder than ever before.

But is this in reality any time to feel blue? Doesn't it look as though we might be on the verge of unprecedented business prosperity?

Home prospects look better than usual. Big crops at high prices bring smiles to the faces of nearly one-half of our people. The railroads got a little encouragement. Our new banking system will ward off some dangers.

Then what new boons may come to us---like gifts from the dead---as a result of this pitiful war? Reason tells us they must come if we reach out to get them. Life still flows on amid that devastation. People must be clothed and fed. And the markets abandoned by the nations which held them should be supplied by us.

When millions desert the arts of peace, those who abide, well-equipped and ready, surely ought to prosper.

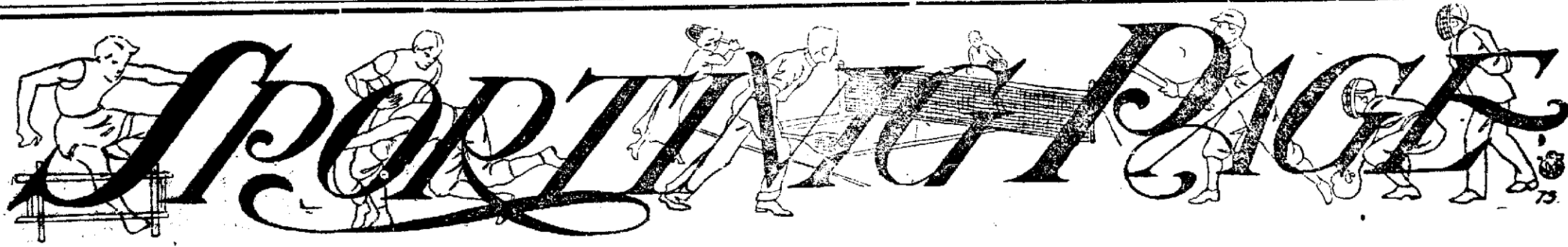
As for war news affecting the value of ads, it certainly doesn't detract from them. It is giving to advertisers increased circulation with no present advance in cost.

The argument that it makes newspapers too interesting is a new one in advertising. The most interesting magazines have always been the best patronized. Why should we seek for dull newspapers?

In any event, the average woman is not a great reader of war news. Her favorite pages in the newspaper remains about as ever. She is the household buyer. And the majority of advertising---even on men's things---depends on its appeal to her.

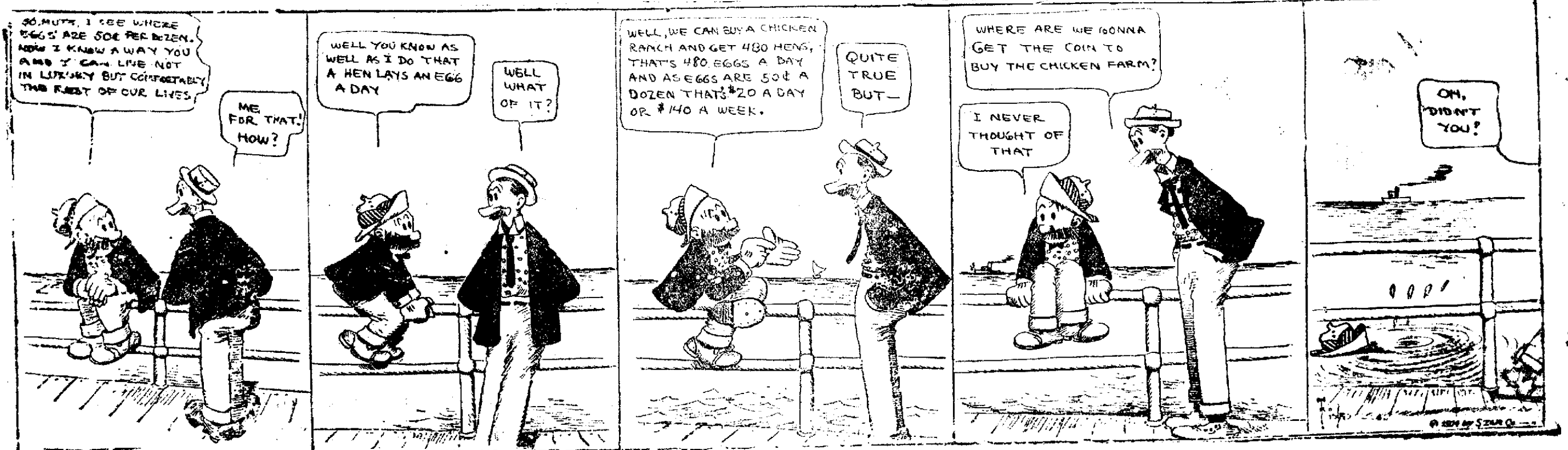
No, these are not times to cease advertising, save under rare conditions. The harder the fight the more one needs his best weapons. The more quitters there are the more there is for the rest of us. And we who keep ready and active and fit---who keep in the thick of things, dull times and good---will hold immeasurable advantages when the tide comes in.

LORD & THOMAS,
S. E. Corner Wabash and Madison Chicago.
CLAUDE C. HOPKINS, Vice-President



A Matter of Finance

"Bud" Fisher



PRIZE FIGHTERS WHO ARE ABLE TO COME BACK

BY FRANK G. MENKE.

(By International News Service.)

New York, Sept. 8.—The old boys simply won't stay dead.

Bob Fitzsimmons started. He arose from his pugilistic coffin some moos a back and challenged all the while hopes in sight.

"They be bloodin' duffers" declared Fitz. "Hime rawther an old fellow but H' can lick 'em all."

The boxing commission in New York state, however, crimped Fitz's come-back ambition. They said he was quite too ancient to battle in these parts.

But the publicity that Fitz got inspired some of the other chaps who used to battle quite regularly just about the time that Alexander was looking around for a few more world's to conquer.

Kid McCoy, the shifty person of long ago, now an elderly, fat person, he is a little with "ec. e be kils." He went into training, and had his self for a rap with a man who was a little better than not only a water, but a er-wuzzer in a while a heavy every-thing.

Joe Louis, who is said to have been an old person when the old world was in the midst of a fight. Joe Louis, who is said to have been an old person when the old world was in the midst of a fight.

Baseball

National League. Saturday's Results.

Boston, 7; Phillies, 1.
St. Louis, 12; Cincinnati, 2.
Chicago, 3; Pittsburgh, 2.
New York, 8; Brooklyn, 5 (first game.)

Sunday's Results.

Chicago, 8; Pittsburgh, 3.
St. Louis, 7; Cincinnati, 2.
Eastern clubs not scheduled.

Monday's Results.

First game.
St. Louis, 7; Pittsburgh, 4.
Second game.
St. Louis, 1; Pittsburgh, 2.
First game.
Brooklyn, 4; Philadelphia, 7.
Second game.
Brooklyn, 6; Philadelphia, 7.
First game.
Cincinnati, 2; Chicago, 3.
Second game.
Cincinnati, 1; Chicago, 3.
First game.
New York, 4; Boston, 5.
Second game.
New York, 10; Chicago, 1.

American League. Saturday's Results.

Boston, 4; Athletics, 1.
Washington, 4; New York, 1 (13 innings).
St. Louis, 7; Detroit, 0.
Cleveland, 6; Chicago, 4 (first game).
Chicago, 2; Cleveland, 0 (second game).

Sunday's Results.

Detroit, 13; St. Louis, 4.
Chicago, 6; Cleveland, 1.
Eastern clubs not scheduled.

Monday's Results.

First game.
Boston, 5; New York, 1.
Second game.
Boston, 1; New York, 3.
(Called in 7th, darkness.)
First game.
Chicago, 8; Detroit, 7.
Second game.
Chicago, 0; Detroit, 3.
First game.
St. Louis, 3; Cleveland, 4.
Second game.
St. Louis, 2; Cleveland, 6.
First game.
Philadelphia, 0; Washington, 1.
Second game.
Philadelphia, 3; Washington, 7.

Federal League. Saturday's Results.

Brooklyn, 7; Pittsburgh, 1 (first game).
Brooklyn, 3; Pittsburgh, 2 (second game; 10 innings).
Indianapolis, 3; Chicago, 2.
Buffalo, 4; Baltimore, 2.
St. Louis, 3; Kansas City, 1 (10 innings).

Sunday's Results.

Chicago, 13; Indianapolis, 9.
Kansas City, 2; St. Louis, 0.
Eastern clubs not scheduled.

Monday's Results.

St. Louis-Kansas City—Both games postponed on account of rain.
First game.
Chicago, 6; Indianapolis, 3.
Second game.
Chicago, 3; Indianapolis, 2.
(Called in 7th inning, darkness.)
First game.
Pittsburgh, 3; Brooklyn, 4.
Second game.
Pittsburgh, 11; Brooklyn, 12.
First game.
Baltimore, 8; Buffalo, 11.
Second game.
Baltimore, 4; Buffalo, 2.



PESSIMIST EVERS DOESN'T EXPECT BRAVES TO GRAB PENNANT.

Johnny Evers, in anything but a pessimistic mood.

The Boston Braves are not of the convinced that they'll beat out the championship calibre, though the Giants. The team I expect to capture the pennant is the Cubs. These are the sentiments of Johnny Evers, captain of the Boston Nationals.

SHOWING HOW MIND GROWS

Illustration by Well-Known Writer Is Interesting and Something of a Novelty.

The late Lester F. Ward, who spent many years in the service of the government at Washington as a scientific investigator, prepared shortly before his death his mental biography, which consisted of a chronological arrangement of everything that he had ever written for publication during 50 years. This enterprise he terms "Glimpses of the Cosmos" and three volumes of the work have been published.

It was an interesting thing to do, even a brave thing. For there are not many writers of advanced years who would relish the giving again to the world of their youthful effusions. But, Doctor Ward's scheme is a good one, although there is no need for every other writer to do the same. For one reads with amused interest the cocksure articles of Ward's early period; he did not scruple to enter any field, whether he knew anything about it or not. He wrote a good deal on theological matters during the early days and it is interesting to note the conspicuousness of the absence of logic and understanding of the subject matter.

As the years passed, however, Ward pulled himself together, and he abandoned theology and devoted his time and talents to economics and botany, in which he excelled. Here the publication of his writings, with but little comment, offer a splendid history of the development of an active, productive mind. This is the real value of the work, which becomes a unique human document. The book is shoved in next to the good and altogether it is easy for the reader to mark the growth to maturity of the author's mind.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

IN THE MOVIES

ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF LOVE OVER MANY DIFFICULTIES

"There is a Destiny." Jack Hildman, M.D., just graduated is spending the summer in a small town with several of his friends. He is a young man of great ability and is very popular with the girls.

One of the girls, a girl named Jack, is very fond of him. She is a girl of great beauty and is very popular with the boys. She is a girl of great ability and is very popular with the boys.

Jack and Jack are very fond of each other. They are very popular with the girls and the boys. They are very popular with the girls and the boys.

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of a few days before Jack makes the girl's acquaintance through grandfather.

Observing Jack's success, "Sport" Hamlin grows envious. After he is knocked down for making an insulting remark to Jack, he goes to the old man and informs him of Jack's deception. Fearing for his grandchild, the fisherman refuses to allow them together again.

A week goes by. Jack finds that he loves the girl. The old fisherman is stricken with heart trouble. There is a storm. The girl telephones to the mainland. Jack, with a paddle case strapped to him, swims the channel and rescues the old man. Explanation follows; Jack and Jeanne's destinies are fulfilled.

Shown at the opera house this evening.

"The Miracle" is an Italian drama which will be shown at the opera house this evening. It is full of interest and excitement.

"When Girls Join the Force" is a 2-reel Nestor comedy shown to-night in the opera house.

Vast American Industries. Private capital invested in timber lands, mills, logging railroads, and other forms of equipment in this country reach an enormous aggregate, and the lumber industry, which employs 739,000 persons and has an annual output valued at one and one-sixth billion dollars, is the third largest.

National Floral Emblems. The following are the national emblems of some of the more important countries of Europe: Scotland, thistle; Ireland, shamrock; Wales, leek; France, fleur-de-lis; Germany, cornflower; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mayonnette; Spain, pomegranate flower; Italy, lily.

CLASSIFIED WANTS

Rate—One cent per word each insertion. Minimum charge Ten Cents. Positions Wanted Free. No charge will be made to persons desiring positions. Phone Your Want-Ads.

Security, 1st mortgage on house worth \$5000, lowest valuation. Address C. care Progress. 8 25 6t.

FOR RENT—3 furnished rooms on first floor with bath. Corner of Front and Market streets. 8 27 1wk.

FOR SALE—Pony, gentle, good condition. Price reasonable. Call at residence of Judge Singleton Bell.

FOUND—A bunch of keys near the foundry. Call at Progress office.

GIRL WANTED—to do general housework. Inquire of Mrs. A. E. Leitzinger. Sept. 8th & 5th.

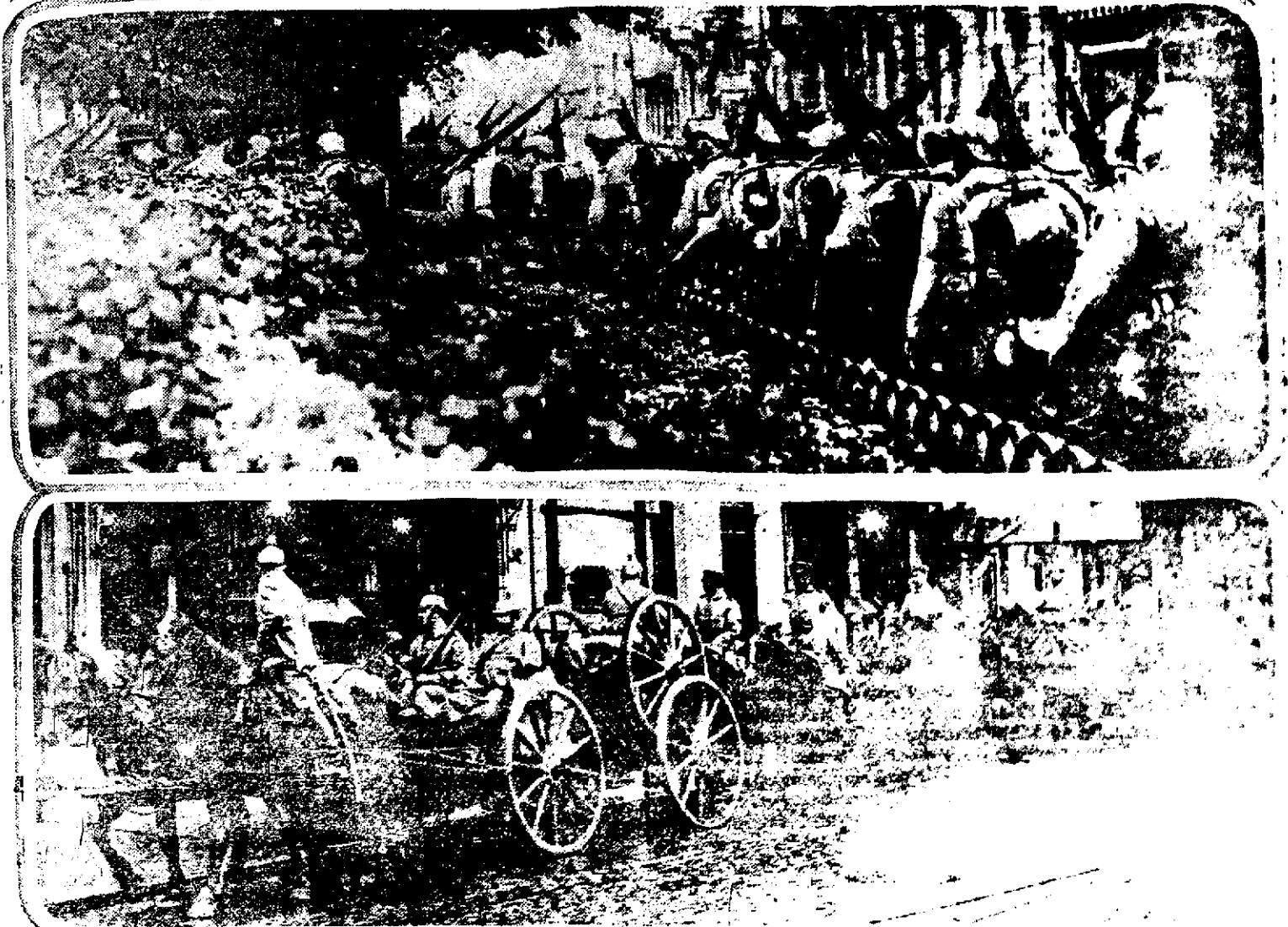
Everyone reads the Progress, so it is the paper to advertise your wants in.

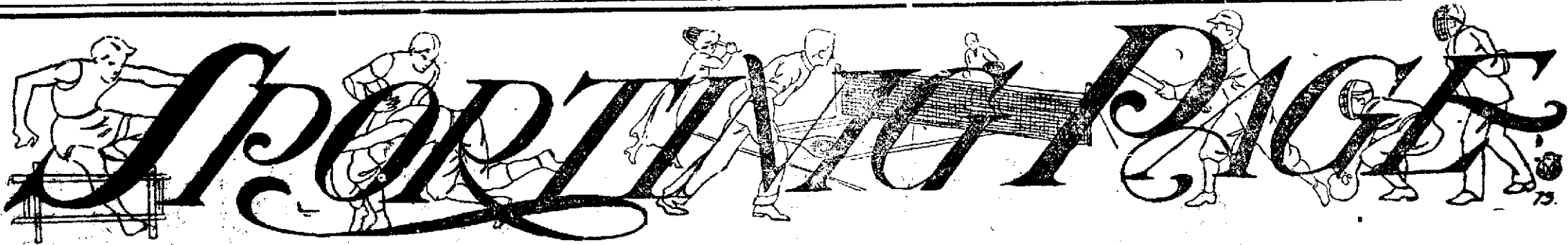
WANTED—A capable girl for general housework. Mrs. A. L. Cole, West Front St. 9 2 3t.

To the Manor Born. A lady accosted a little girl who was entering one of the fashionable New York flats where she knew the rules were exceedingly strict, and after some little conversation, said: "How is it you live in these flats? I thought they would not take children. How did you get in?" "Why," replied the child, "I was born in."

New Definition. A class in history in school at Kilauea was studying the history of the Hawaiian Islands. The teacher asked the class what was meant by the word "dedicate." One of the small boys volunteered to answer. "Dedicate," he explained, "means taking the money to pay off a debt."

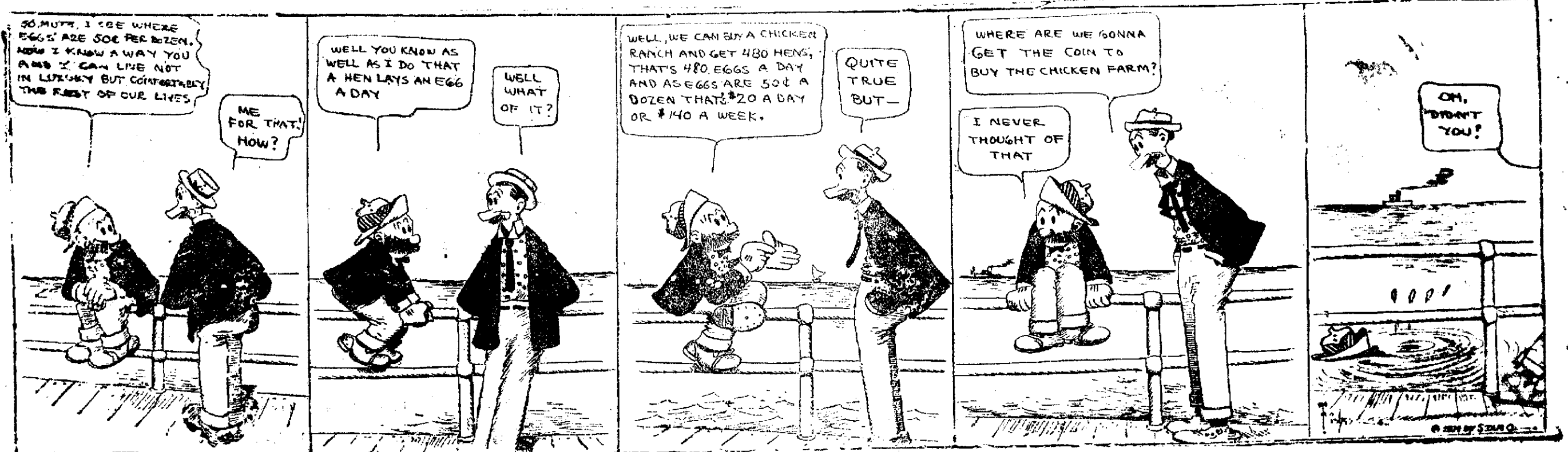
PHOTOGRAPHS SNAPPED AT VISE, DESPITE ORDERS OF GUARDIAN OFFICERS.





A Matter of Finance

"Bud" Fisher



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(By International News Service.)

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But the publicity that Fitz got inspired some of the other chaps who used to battle quite regularly just about the time that Alexander was looking around for a few more world's to conquer.

Kid McCoy, the shifty person of long ago, now an elderly, fat person, he at a fight with "Doc" Evers. He was into training, and he set for a rap with a man who was a little better than the average. McCoy was a little better than the average.

McCoy, who is said to have been an old prize fighter, was a little better than the average. McCoy was a little better than the average. McCoy was a little better than the average.

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Baseball

National League, Saturday's Results.

Boston, 7; Phillies, 1.
St. Louis, 12; Cincinnati, 2.
Chicago, 3; Pittsburgh, 2.
New York, 8; Brooklyn, 5 (first game).
Brooklyn, 1; New York, 1 (second game).

Sunday's Results.

Chicago, 8; Pittsburgh, 2.
St. Louis, 7; Cincinnati, 2.
Eastern clubs not scheduled.

Monday's Results.

First game.
St. Louis, 7; Pittsburgh, 4.
Second game.
St. Louis, 1; Pittsburgh, 2.
First game.
Brooklyn, 4; Philadelphia, 7.
Second game.
Brooklyn, 6; Philadelphia, 7.
First game.
Cincinnati, 2; Chicago, 3.
Second game.
Cincinnati, 1; Chicago, 3.
First game.
New York, 4; Boston, 5.
Second game.
New York, 10; Chicago, 1.

American League, Saturday's Results.

Boston, 4; Athletics, 1.
Washington, 4; New York, 1 (13 innings).
St. Louis, 7; Detroit, 0.
Cleveland, 6; Chicago, 4 (first game).
Chicago, 3; Cleveland, 0 (second game).

Sunday's Results.

Detroit, 13; St. Louis, 4.
Chicago, 6; Cleveland, 1.
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First game.
Boston, 5; New York, 1.
Second game.
Boston, 1; New York, 3.
(Called in 7th, darkness).
First game.
Chicago, 8; Detroit, 7.
Second game.
Chicago, 0; Detroit, 3.
First game.
St. Louis, 3; Cleveland, 4.
Second game.
St. Louis, 2; Cleveland, 6.
First game.
Philadelphia, 0; Washington, 1.
Second game.
Philadelphia, 8; Washington, 7.

Federal League, Saturday's Results.

Brooklyn, 7; Pittsburgh, 1 (first game).
Brooklyn, 3; Pittsburgh, 2, (second game; 10 innings).
Indianapolis, 3; Chicago, 2.
Buffalo, 4; Baltimore, 2.
St. Louis, 3; Kansas City, 1 (19 innings).

Sunday's Results.

Chicago, 13; Indianapolis, 9.
Kansas City, 2; St. Louis, 0.
Eastern clubs not scheduled.

Monday's Results.

St. Louis-Kansas City—Both games postponed on account of rain.
First game.
Chicago, 6; Indianapolis, 5.
Second game.
Chicago, 3; Indianapolis, 2.
(Called in 7th inning, darkness).
First game.
Pittsburgh, 3; Brooklyn, 4.
Second game.
Pittsburgh, 11; Brooklyn, 12.
First game.
Baltimore, 8; Buffalo, 11.
Second game.
Baltimore, 6; Buffalo, 2.



PESSIMIST EVERS DOESN'T EXPECT BRAVES TO GRAB PENNANT.

Johnny Evers, in anything but a pessimistic mood.

The Boston Braves are not of the convinced that they'll beat out the championship calibre, though I'm Giants. The team I expect to capture the pennant is the Cubs. These are the sentiments of Johnny Evers, captain of the Boston Nationals.

SHOWING HOW MIND GROWS

Illustration by Well-Known Writer Is Interesting and Something of a Novelty.

The late Lester F. Ward, who spent many years in the service of the government at Washington as a scientific investigator, prepared shortly before his death his mental biography, which consisted of a chronological arrangement of everything that he had ever written for publication during 50 years. This enterprise he terms "Glimpses of the Cosmos" and three volumes of the work have been published.

It was an interesting thing to do, even a brave thing. For there are not many writers of advanced years who would relish the giving again to the world of their youthful effusions. But Doctor Ward's scheme is a good one, although there is no need for every other writer to do the same. For one reads with amused interest the cocksure articles of Ward's early period; he did not scruple to enter any field, whether he knew anything about it or not. He wrote a good deal on theological matters during the early days and it is interesting to note the conspicuousness of the absence of logic and understanding of the subject matter.

As the years passed, however, Ward pulled himself together, and he abandoned theology and devoted his time and talents to economics and botany, in which he excelled. Here the publication of his writings, with but little comment, offer a splendid history of the development of an active, productive mind. This is the real value of the work, which becomes a unique human document. The book is shoved in next to the good and altogether it is easy for the reader to mark the growth to maturity of the author's mind.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

IN THE MOVIES

ANOTHER TRIUMPH OF LOVE OVER MANY DIFFICULTIES

"There is a Destiny." Jack Baldwin, M.D. just graduated is spending the summer at a seaside hotel with several of his fraternity friends.

Jeanne De Jean and her grand father live on an island a short distance from the coast. While the old man has a pension, they add to this by selling fish at the hotel across the channel.

On a morning Jeanne is seen by Jack and his friends. They admire her beauty. "Sport" Hamlin, one of the party, tries to flirt with the girl. He is cut coldly. On returning to his friends he offers to wager a hundred dollars none of them can do any better than he did. Jack, already interested in the girl, takes up the bet.

Jack, to carry out his plans, secures a job as a boatman; he believes that his chance with the girl would be better if she thought him in her own station of life. Following this it is only a matter of

of a few days before Jack makes the girl's acquaintance through grandfather.

Observing Jack's success, "Sport" Hamlin grows envious. After he is knocked down for making an insulting remark to Jack, he goes to the old man and informs him of Jack's deception. Fearing for his grandchild, the fisherman refuses to allow them together again.

A week goes by. Jack finds that he loves the girl. The old fisherman is stricken with heart trouble. There is a storm. The girl telephones to the mainland. Jack, with his medicine case strapped to him, swims the channel and revives the old man. Explanations follow; Jack and Jeanne's destinies are fulfilled.

Shown at the opera house this evening.

"The Miracle" is an Melair drama which will be shown at the opera house this evening. It is full of interest and excitement.

"When Girls Join the Force" is a 2-reel Nestor comedy shown to night in the opera house.

Vast American Industries. Private capital invested in timber lands, mills, logging railroads, and other forms of equipment in this country reach an enormous aggregate, and the lumber industry, which employs 739,000 persons and has an annual output valued at one and one-sixth billion dollars, is the third largest.

National Floral Emblems. The following are the national emblems of some of the more important countries of Europe: Scotland, thistle; Ireland, shamrock; Wales, leek; France, fleur-de-lis; Germany, cornflower; Prussia, Linden; Saxony, mugwort; Spain, pomegranate flower; Italy, lily.

CLASSIFIED WANTS

Rate—One cent per word each insertion. Minimum charge Ten Cents. Positions Wanted Free. No charge will be made to persons desiring positions. Phone Your Want-Ads.

Security, 1st mortgage on house worth \$5000, lowest valuation. Address C, care Progress. 8 25 6t.

FOR RENT—3 furnished rooms on first floor with bath. Corner of Front and Market streets. 8 27 1wk.

FOR SALE—Pony, gentle; good condition. Price reasonable. Call at residence of Judge Singleton Bell.

FOUND—A bunch of keys near the foundry. Call at Progress office.

GIRL WANTED—to do general housework. Inquire of Mrs. A. E. Leitzinger. Sept. 3rd & 5th

Everyone reads the Progress, so it is the paper to advertise your wants in.

WANTED—A capable girl for general housework. Mrs. A. L. Cole, West Front St. 9 2 3t.

WANTED—A girl to learn trade. Must be 18 years old. Bring references. Kupfer Glass Works

FOR RENT—Two lodge rooms corner Market and Second streets. Now occupied by the L. O. O. M. Possession about 1st Sept. 8 12 2w.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Small family. Work light. Mrs. J. R. Gearhart, 106 Locust St. 9 2 6t.

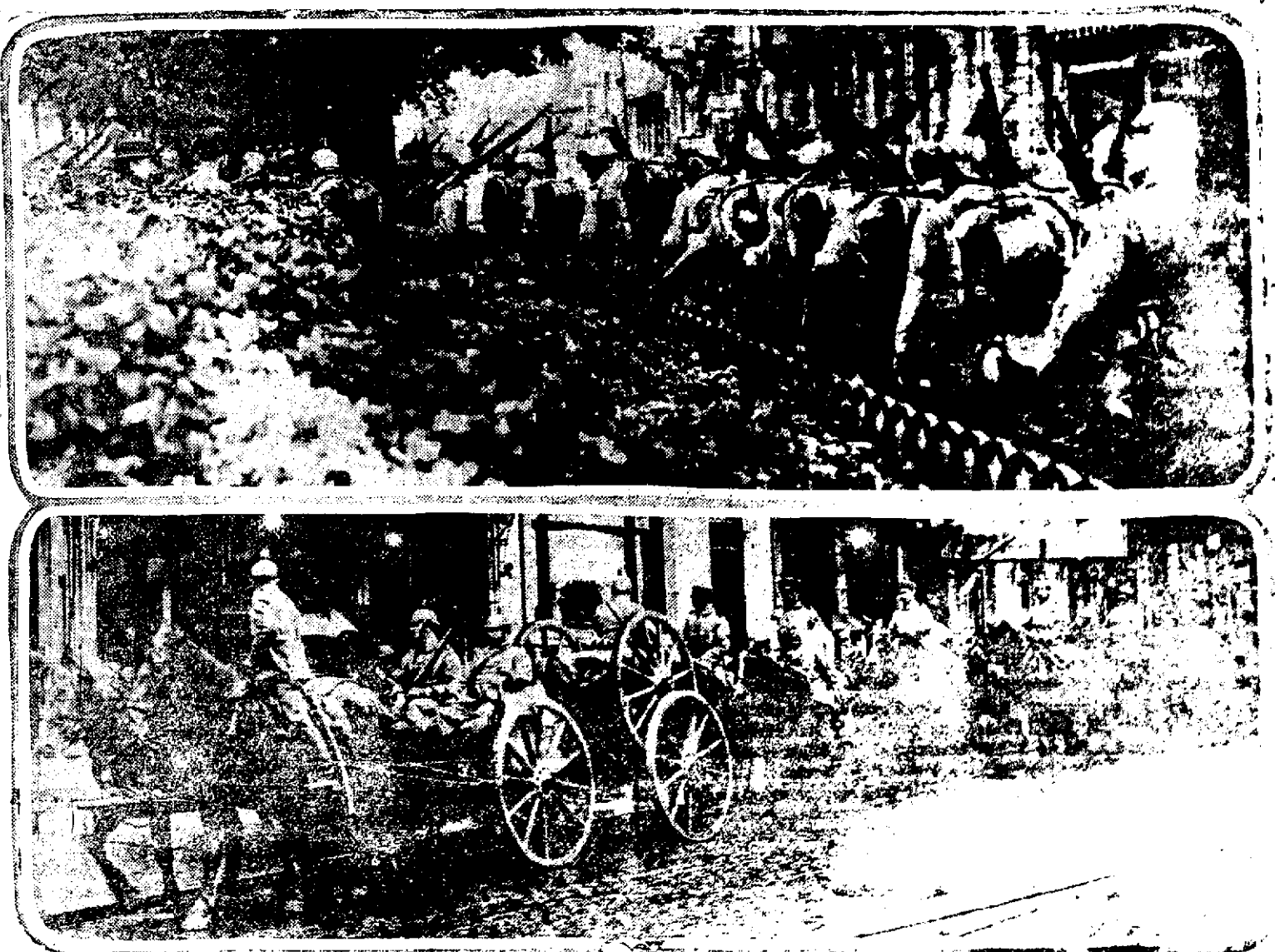
LOST—Suit case, Friday 4th, corner Market and Third streets. Reward. Notify J. E. Collier, 1424 Vine St., Philadelphia. Sept. 8 2t.

FOUND—Friday night, bicycle at Front and Second street junction. Inquire at Progress office.

HUSTLING man or woman under 50. Fraternal insurance. Protected territory. Big money. Write quick. I-L-U, 2470, Covington, Ky.

To the Manor Born. A lady accosted a little girl who was entering one of the fashionable New York flats where she knew the rules were exceedingly strict, and after some little conversation, said: "How is it you live in these flats? I thought they would not take children. How did you get in?" "Why," replied the child, "I was born in."

New Definition. A class in history in school at Kewanee was studying Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The teacher asked the class what was meant by the word "dedicate." One of the small boys volunteered to answer. "Dedicate," he explained, "means raising the money to pay off a church debt."—Kansas City Star.



PHOTOGRAPHS SNAPPED AT VISE, DESPITE ORDERS OF GERMAN OFFICERS.

Styles for Coming Fall Coats



THE best selling styles in outer garments for fall will be coats with full backs and regulation coat fronts. In some instances these full backs impart the cape idea, while others are much more modified. Some coats have the fullness so arranged as to fall from a square or round yoke; in others the fullness starts from the shoulders.

As a rule, however, the belt does not draw in the garment, but simply holds the fullness in place. The full back coat with belt in front is also much in evidence in the new lines and is meeting with favor.

In addition to cape effects, a number of coats with short or medium length capes are being shown. These are generally made detachable and can be easily removed.

In France, the cape is the favorite wrap for daytime wear. A very charming model was made of blue serge with a collar of pique quite high in the

back. But velvet both for capes and for hats is the rage. The cape of velvet has a full collar. Fur is much used as trimming both on gowns and hats.

There is a new shade of brown which bids fair to be the coming color. It has been seen a number of times lately.

The latest notes of fashion are now received from Deauville, where the season reaches its height in August. Sweaters are worn with white serge skirts, but not the sweaters of last year. Reaching only to the hips, they are of brilliant hue, saffron yellow being most popular; natter blue and violet are also favored. These sweaters are either belted in as are the Norfolk jackets, or there is a belt of some other material tied at the side front, the ends of which are gathered and finished with a silk tassel.

The cape coat shown in the illustration is a stylish model of black velvet with coachman's collar of skunk.

DEFENDING PARIS HERCULEAN TASK

(Continued from Page One)

of forts and the city proper, to prevent the siege guns of the enemy coming within range of the city. Fort St. Cyr, in the second line of the Paris defenses is ten miles from the outer edge of the capital.

The forts about Paris are in a circle with a circumference of about sixty miles. The seventeen great fortresses which form the framework of this great system are said to have been erected at a cost of more than \$2,000,000. To build a solid wall of such forts would cost up in the billions of dollars and no nation is rich enough to undertake it.

Much of the system of fortifications about Paris is secret. Dotted all about the forts are small preserves, access to which is denied to the public. These conceal batteries. Vast lines of field works are designed for the spaces between the forts.

Under the modern theory of the defense of a city, by far the greater number of the heavy guns are fought from without the forts, not within. As the enemy naturally knows the position of permanent works, he will place his own artillery in positions where the guns of the forts can do the least harm.

While formerly all of the big guns were fought from within the fortresses, in modern warfare it is necessary to place them where their positions can be changed, as the fortunes of battle shift.

For this purpose there is now about Paris a military belt line railroad which connects with all the forts and which has spurs extending to all the places where it might be necessary to plant big guns in the event of investment by the Germans. With such a railroad, heavy artillery and ammunition may be speedily moved from one place to another.

The railroad is concealed from the enemy by a system of tunnels and sunken road-beds, where the lie of the ground does not afford natural concealment. On the other hand the military railroad system of Paris was laid out before aircraft scouting had gained its present efficiency.

The modern type of forts at Paris are shallow from front to rear, with two fronts facing the enemy and then meeting at an obtuse angle. The walls are of concrete reinforced with steel. The heavy guns inside are worked from disappearing turrets, being loaded behind the walls and then elevated and discharged.

These guns are aimed by officers in armored turrets, which rise long enough for them to take their observations, and then descend to safety, while the gunners elevate the guns to

the desired angle. When a gun is fired the recoil automatically causes the turret to fall back into place of safety from the enemy's fire. Searchlights are similarly worked from disappearing turrets.

The primary use of such forts is to keep the long range guns of the enemy at bay. It is not expected to repel an infantry charge, except with the aid of heavy artillery and infantry of its own force in the intervals.

If the besieger has the forts alone to cope with, it is possible for him to throw his infantry forward, while shell ing the forts, with less danger of annihilation. When a hail of several shells a second is striking a fort and exploding about it, there is great difficulty in working the guns, which are in constant danger of being hit. Also in the clouds of dust and smoke made by the bursting shells, it is hard for the defending gunners to locate the advancing columns of the enemy and fire effectively on them.

But it is one thing for the besieger to march through the intervals and take the city and quite another to take the forts. They are as a rule protected by barbed wire entanglements, intended to delay the charging infantry and hold it under fire from the fort and trenches immediately protecting the fort.

After the barbed wire has been cut or blown up by land torpedoes, built especially to smash such obstructions, the charging column have to pass over mined ground. The usual mines are those that can be fired electrically from within the fort which throw tons of rock and other missiles into the air. If these barriers are surmounted, the charging infantry must overcome a counter-charge from the infantry of the defenders, entrenched immediately before the forts.

If the enemy's attackers finally get at close quarters with the fort, they find it surrounded by a deep ditch thirty feet wide and filled with water, defended by marching guns trained lengthwise along the ditch and by infantry fire from ramparts within the forts.

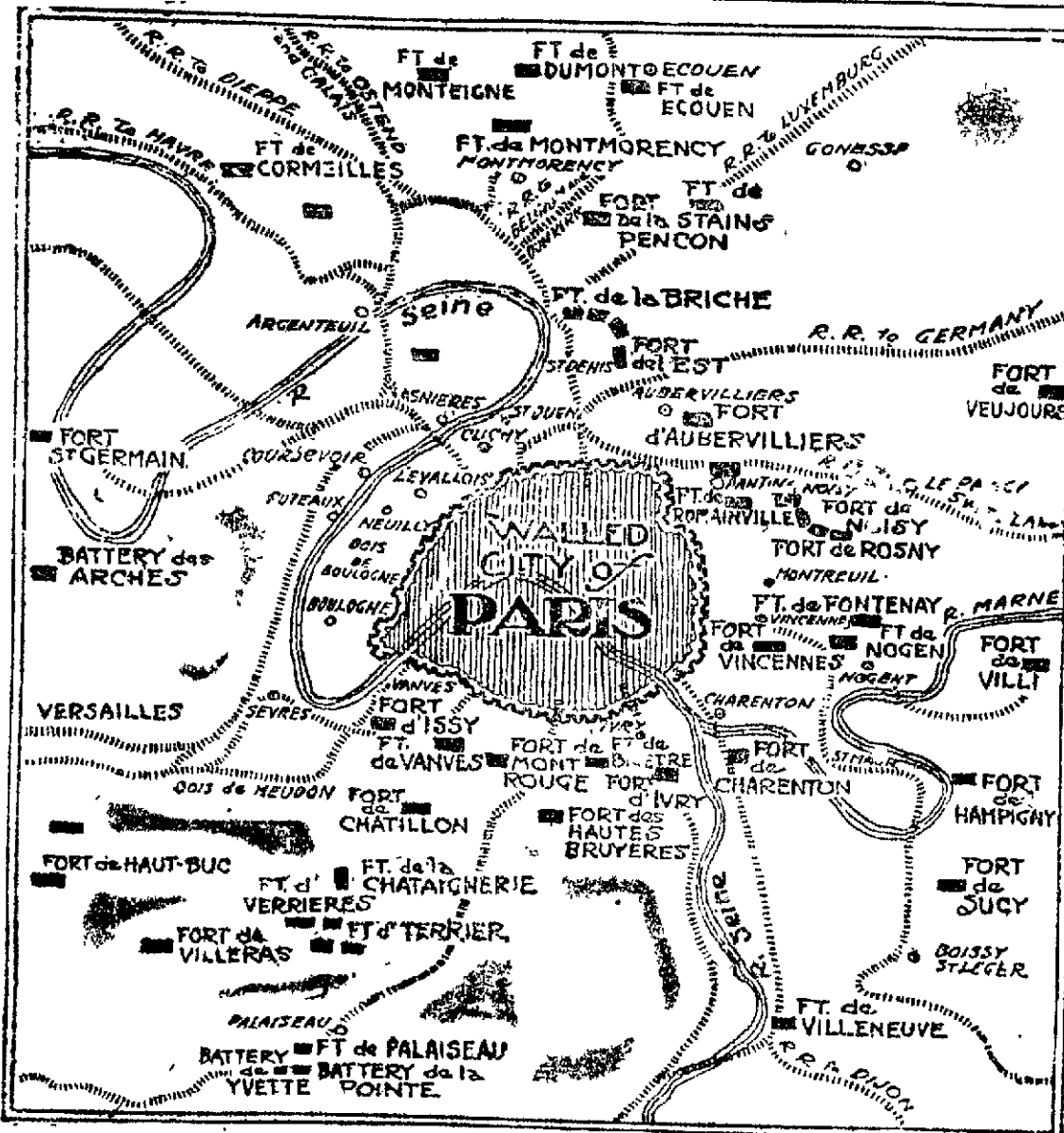
AUSTRIANS WILL BATTLE RUSSIANS

(Continued from Page One)

The Forty-fifth Austrian infantry was completely surrounded and the commander, 44 officers and 1600 men were taken prisoners.

Flanking Movement Under Way

While a large Russian army is driving the Austrians between the two rivers, other forces are engaged in a flanking movement to cut off the Austrians retreat and prevent the evacuation of reinforcements from reaching the scene.



WAR MAP OF PARIS SHOWING ITS ELABORATE FORTIFICATIONS.

Paris, Sept. 8.—With the German invaders only a few miles beyond the city's outer ring of forts a surprising calm pervades the city of Paris. Many Americans are still in the city and, now that the city gates have been closed, will not be permitted to leave until the crisis is past. General Gallieni, in absolute command, says that Paris can stand an indefinite siege.

Remarkable Promenade.

At a New York hotel a man who had suddenly become wealthy from an oil well venture had left his family, which had accompanied him to the city, in their rooms so long that they had become uneasy about him. At last he returned to the rooms, and to the anxious inquiry of his wife, "Where in the world have you been so long?" he responded, calmly, "I've just been in the cuspidor, walking pro and con."

Everyday Virtues.

An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in case of necessity, wrote John Dryden. Affability, mildness, tenderness and a word which I would fain bring back to its original significance of virtue, I mean good nature, are of daily use, they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life.

Daily Thought.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for others?—George Eliot.

AN ORDINANCE.

Authorizing the construction of a sanitary sewer on Hannah and Olive Streets, in the Third Ward of the Borough of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, to extend from a point near the Lawrence Township line at the Western end of Hannah Street to the main sewer on Turnpike Avenue, and providing that the cost thereof be assessed back to the owners of the properties abutting on said streets.

Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Borough of Clearfield in Council regularly assembled, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same:

Section 1. That a public sanitary sewer be laid out, constructed and built on Hannah and Olive Streets in the Third Ward of the Borough of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, to extend from a point near the Lawrence Township line at the Western end of Hannah Street East along said street to Olive Street, thence along Olive Street, North to Hannah Street and thence along Hannah Street to the main sewer on Turnpike Avenue; said sewer to be constructed of terra cotta pipe and to be not less than eight inches in diameter; and when completed the cost thereof shall be assessed back to the owners of the real estate abutting on said streets, which assessment if not promptly paid shall be collected from said abutting property owners as provided by law.

Section 2. The Utilities Committee of the Town Council is hereby authorized to lay out, build and construct said sewer under the direction and supervision of the Borough Engineer, and when said sewer is constructed it shall become one of the public sewers of said borough, and shall be subject to all the rules and regulations for the control of the sewerage system of the Borough of Clearfield.

Ordained and enacted this fifth day of August, A. D. 1914.

J. D. CONNELLY, Clerk of Council
FREDERICK P. KERR,
President of Council. Attest,
Examined and approved this fifth day of August, A. D. 1914.
HOBART CALLAHAN,
Chief Burgess.

The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WASHINGTON PARTY COUNTY COMMITTEE

James Mitchell, member of state committee for Clearfield county.

Standing Committee.

- Brislin borough—John D. Walker.
- Burnside borough—Robert Burns.
- Chester Hill borough—Edgar Shontz.
- Clearfield, 1st ward—Richard Paterson.
- Clearfield, 2nd ward—M.O.A. Sahn.
- Clearfield, 3rd ward—Lewis Shaffer.
- Clearfield, 4th ward—Ross A. Lambert.
- Coalport borough—F. M. Hahn.
- Curwensville, 1st ward—John Hudson.
- Curwensville, 2nd ward—Fred E. McKenzie.
- DuBois, 1st ward—A. O. Logan.
- DuBois, 2nd ward—Chas. Frey.
- DuBois, 3rd ward—John A. Carlson.
- DuBois, 4th ward—Morris Paterson.
- DuBois, 5th ward—Geo. Cyphert.
- Glen Hope borough—Jas Bratton.
- Grampan borough—J. S. Fleming.
- Houtzdale borough—George Gano.
- Irvona borough—S. K. Ames.
- Lumber City borough—S. C. Kirk.
- Mahaffey borough—E. E. Bennett.
- Newburg borough—W. W. Herd.
- New Washington borough—Wm. Estricker.
- Osceola borough—G. W. Mattem.
- Ramey borough—B. F. Allgood.
- Troutville borough—H. R. Lindsay.
- Wallacetown borough—R. W. Plance.
- Westover borough—J. B. McKee.
- Beccaria, Blain City precinct—J. A. Adorn.
- Beccaria, Beccaria precinct—Duncan Sommerville.
- Beccaria, Irvona precinct—J. H. Beachey.
- Beccaria, Utahville precinct—Jas. Cowen.
- Bell, Southern precinct—Fred Albert.
- Bell, Summit precinct—W. B. Stephenson.
- Bigler township—James H. Minds.
- Bloom township—Frank Feltzer.
- Boggs, Stoneville precinct—George Stover.
- Boggs, Blue Ball precinct—C. C. Gearhart.
- Bradford, Jackson precinct—J. G. Maines.
- Bradford, Bigler precinct—T. H. Stevens.
- Bradford, Woodland precinct—J. M. Baker.
- Brady, Helvetia precinct—Norman McGee.
- Brady, Luthersburg precinct—J. H. Edinger.
- Brady, Troutville precinct—A. Black.
- Burnside township, East Ridge—W. J. Westover.
- Burnside township, New Washington—Russell Rorobach.
- Burnside township, Patchinville—F. E. Crossman.
- Chest township—J. C. Cross.
- Covington township—Celest Veriot.
- Cooper, Kylertown precinct—H. G. Jones.
- Cooper, Peale precinct—Cooper, Cooper precinct—Andrew Brown.
- Cooper, Winburne precinct—Chas. Johnson.
- Decatur, Centre precinct—Robert Patterson.
- Decatur, Graham precinct—John Fen ton.
- Decatur, Gearhartville precinct—Obadiah Long.
- Decatur, Kephart precinct—William Krouse.
- Ferguson township—E. E. Owens.
- Girard township—William Kirkwood.
- Goshen township—Warren Lingle.
- Graham, Centre Hill precinct—Thos Beveridge.
- Graham, Graham precinct—J. G. Maines.
- Greenwood township—David Patterson.
- Gulich, Ginter precinct—Ed. Pette-son.
- Gulich, Janesville precinct—John Harrington.
- Huston, Huston precinct—Brady Overton.
- Huston, Tyler precinct—Joe Morehouse.
- Jordan township—Chas. Sawyer.
- Karthauss, Cataract precinct—Karthauss, Karthauss precinct—J. W. Reese.
- Knox, Boardman precinct—Thos. French.
- Knox, Carnwath precinct—John M. Fleck.
- Knox, New Millport precinct—David Youm.
- Lawrence, Clearfield precinct—Thos Hemphill.
- Lawrence, Glen Richey precinct—Jas. Norman.
- Lawrence, Hillsdale precinct—C. G. Morris.
- Morris, Ashcroft precinct—W. E. Johnson.
- Morris, Allport precinct—William Denshar.
- Morris, Morrisdale precinct—John Ball.
- Morris, Munsons precinct—B. W. Williams.
- Penn township—James D. Wall.
- Pike, Curwensville precinct—Chas. Bailey.
- Pike, Olanta precinct—C. P. Rowles.
- Sandy, Falls Creek precinct—J. C. Weaver.
- Sandy, Sabula precinct—Alex Bundy.
- Sandy, Clear Run precinct—Sandy, Sandy precinct—F. M. Timlin.
- Sandy, Oklahoma precinct—D. P. Christin.
- Union township—Samuel Beers.
- W. Edward, Sanborn precinct—D. J. Kloe.
- Woodward, Sterling precinct—Samuel Ransley.
- Woodward, N. Houtzdale precinct—William Bloom.
- Woodward, W. Houtzdale precinct—H. R. K. Partridge.

WANTED: A Bright Young Man

A long established and reputable house—40 years in business—has an opening in this city for a resident representative. His time will be largely his own; the work is pleasant and agreeable; his pick-up wages more than \$3000 on the business done, and previous experience is not essential. This is an ideal opportunity for a young man of good appearance, wide circle of acquaintance and a genuine desire to make good in a profitable field of work. The earliest reply will receive first consideration.

FOSTER GILROY
391 Lafayette Street
New York

Worth More.
"Why should a married man be paid more than a single man?" "The married man ain't so anxious to get home early," declared the boss.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Always Rings True.
Behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament coarser, hard and callous. But behind sorrow there is always sorrow.—Oscar Wilde.

Don't Be Discouraged.
When a man begins to find himself feeling discouraged and depressed over the slow progress of civilization, he ought to remember that he very seldom sees a patient rocker now.

After the Ball.
"Didn't you find him wonderfully light on his feet for such a heavy built man?" "Oh, yes; he was light enough on his own feet."—Lila.

New Opera House Friday Night SIDNEY R. ELLIS PRESENTS The Singing German Dialect Comedian



AL H. WILSON

IN HIS SONG ADORNED COMEDY
"When Old New York Was Dutch"

NEW SONGS
When I First Met You. Moon-Moon-Moon.
When The Roses in Spring Bloom Again:
Mister Bear, and others.

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 Seats Now on Sale



The builder who makes this his headquarters for hardware has the satisfaction of knowing that his reputation for using the best of everything in his construction work will be upheld by what he gets here, as we handle only first-class goods. Prices most reasonable. And for variety and completeness of stock, we lead. A complete line of tools also for every mechanical operation.

Both Phones.



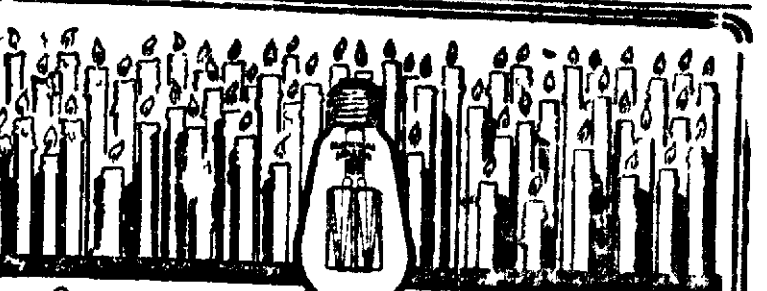
Need Any Fruit Jars?

The canning season brings a demand for sealers which we prepared for months ago. We have the pint, quart and half gallon round clear glass Mason Jars at 50c for pints, 60c for quarts and 75c for 1-2 gallons per doz.

Thin cans	45c doz	Heavy Jar Rubbers	10c doz
Sealing Wax	5c pkgs	All kinds of Spikes	5c doz
Sealing String	5c doz	Wid Mouth Rubbers	10c doz
Parowax	10c Pkg	Jar Wrenches	15c each
Jelly Moulds	25c doz	Preserving Kettles	25c up

SEE OUR NEW LINES OF SHOES
The Walker & Johnson for Men. The Patrician and Rose for Ladies.

A Growing Dry Goods and Dep't. Store ROSS & WOODS



Cut Your Cost of Candle-power

Look at youe lamps—examine the inside carefully. Every looped lamp wastes you money and keeps you from getting the light you ought to have. Replace all the wasteful lamps with thrifty

Colonial MAZDA Lamps

and triple your light at no extra cost. They stop the old. Come here, send here, telephone here and let us help you cut the cost of candle-power with COLONIAL MAZDA LAMPS AT VERY LOW COST

Clearfield Hardware Co., 125 Market St.

ALLIES AT LAST DRIVE BACK GERMAN

RIGHT WING OF KAISER'S VAST ARMY FORCED TO RETREAT TEN MILES

German Offensive Against Allied Army Has Been Decisively Checked

BRITISH WORKING TO REAR OF INVADERS

Combined French and English Troops Pressing Strongly Against Both the Flanks of the German-Imperial Guard Under Crown Prince Frederick William Reported to Have Been Almost Annihilated—One of the Most Important Battles of the Campaign Was Fought on Saturday and Sunday to the East and Northeast of the French Capital.

Paris, Sept. 8.—By taking the offensive between Manteuil le Haudouin and Verdun, the allies have driven back the German advance guard to the main army along the 160 miles of battle line.

The German right has fallen back 10 miles, according to dispatches from the front. General Joffre, field marshal of the French, is actively in command of the fighting.

Attack Both Flanks. The war office announces that the German offensive has been decisively checked. Military Governor Gallieni today stated:

"The allies are pressing strongly against both flanks of the enemy. We are certain of ultimate success." Paris is rejoicing over the optimistic news.

Some of the generals believe the German army can be pushed back clear to its original moving in a northerly direction in the Oise valley, Luxembourg. A heavy British force trying to get to the rear of the Germans.

Allies Win a Victory. London, Sept. 8.—A Boulogne dispatch to the Evening News says a telegram has been received from General Pau announcing a victory by the allied forces at Percy Sur Oise, twenty-five miles north of Paris.

The imperial guard, under Crown Prince Frederick William, is reported to have been annihilated by the British force which opposed them, and that the crown prince was in their midst.

Shortly before this news reached London the French official communication was received stating that the Germans were retreating before the vigorous advance by the allied troops on the line from Nanteuil-le-Hardouin to Verdun, a distance of 120 miles. This indicates that the Anglo-French forces have got on the flank of the German right wing, which passed by Paris on the north and was marching eastward to join with the crown prince's army coming south.

Germans Forced Back. The official bureau last night said: "General Joffre's plans are being steadily carried out. The allied forces acting on the offensive, have been successful in checking and forcing back in a northern direction the German forces opposed to them."

Regarding the crown prince's defeat the Evening News dispatch says: "A telegram has been received from General Pau announcing a victory by the allied forces under Field Marshal Sir John French, commanding the British, and General d'Amade at Percy Sur Oise."

"The allies were drawn across the northern line with the center at Prey. The English troops were on the left and the French on the right. The former had in front of them the imperial guard under Crown Prince

FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS AT CLEARFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

The C. H. S. began hard football practice a week ago. On last Tuesday when a call was made for candidates only about three freshmen put in their appearance. This year's coach is Dad Reading, a star line-man of Bucknell, who has had practice and aims to give Clearfield the kind of football team that the supporters of C. H. S. athletics would like to see.

The first regular game is fixed for September 29, and the second with Williamsport High school the following Saturday. C. H. S. also has its old rival, DuBois, on the string.

AUSTRIANS, REINFORCED, WILL BATTLE RUSSIANS

600,000 of Francis Joseph's Men Marching to Engage the Forces of the Czar on the Frontier

A DESPERATE CONFLICT IS IMMINENT

Although badly Whipped, the Austrians Have United and Will Attack Russians—Petrograd Reports That It Is Russia's Purpose to Annihilate the Austrian Army in Russian Poland—Flanking Movement to Stop Austrian Retreat and Prevent German Reinforcements Arriving in Austria.

CRIMINAL COURT OPENS AND MOVES ALONG SLOWLY

The September sessions of criminal court opened Monday morning, with Judge Bell on the bench. The day was occupied with the case of Commonwealth against Philip Deas and Lamar Dotts, assault and battery, the fight between these men and a man named Patchin, having originated over a dispute about some potatoes. The jury retired last night and this morning sent in a sealed verdict, which, upon being opened, proved to be guilty as indicted in the case of both defendants.

This morning the case against Matt Kemzura, charged with robbing a stolen goods, was taken up and consumed most of the day. This case comes from DuBois, and it is alleged by the Commonwealth that Kemzura accepted pigeons stolen from the coop of a DuBois citizen.

Austrians Retreating. The Austrian army corps between the Vistula and the Bug rivers in Russian Poland are retreating with enormous losses. The resistance of the enemy has been broken. To Crush the Enemy. This official announcement indicates that this is a successful beginning of the Russian army's effort completely to crush Austria's war power. The victorious General Rousky, with part of his armies which captured Lemberg, is now co-operating with the czar's northern troops, and the capture or extermination of all Austrian forces in Russian Poland is looked for here.

Great Britain Recognizes War to Death

Many Austrians Captured. The Russians began extended offensive tactics September 4 along the entire Austrian line of battle, two days after the capture of Lemberg. The enemy's center, located in the region of Krassnyaw, about thirty miles southeast of Lubin, suffered the most from the Russian attack. (Continued on Page Eight)

LABOR DAY CELEBRATION WAS QUIET AFFAIR HERE

Labor Day was variously celebrated in Clearfield. The driving post was the merry for several hundred people, but the jubilation proclaimed was not what was expected. Aside from a graced pig contest and baby show, program was brief. The Curwenville and Grampian bands the coursed music during the day and the Rockton drum corps, under the leadership of Simon Kelly, the veteran musician, outdressed the occasion.

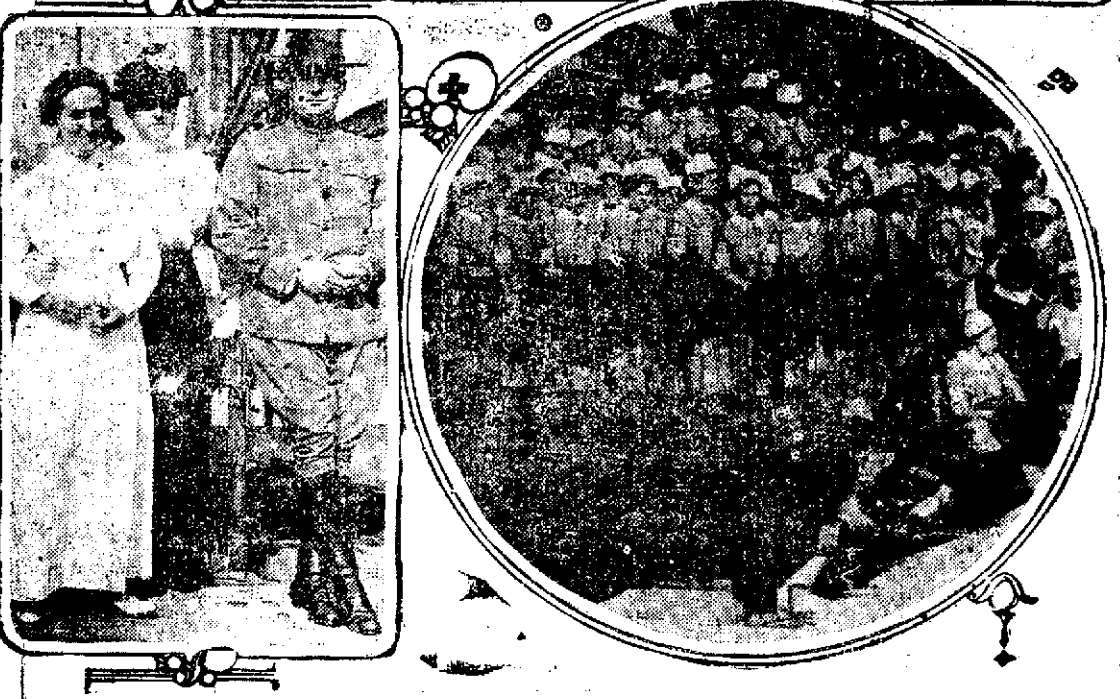
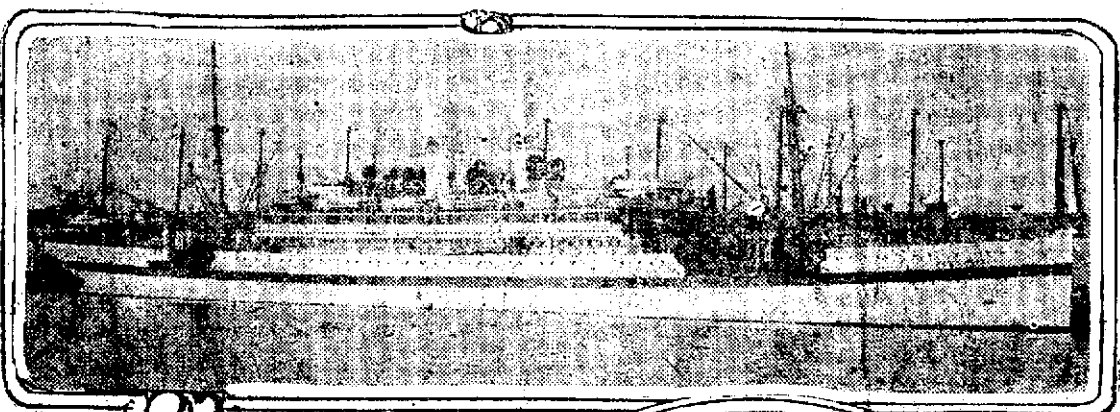
Some 500 citizens went to Philadelphia to witness the celebration there, and returned home in the evening well pleased with the program that had been prepared for the entertainment of the public. In the band contest the Fifth Regiment band easily won first prize.

The weather was the best that the weather bureau had in stock, and those who could get out doors enjoyed the fresh, warm air. The schools held a morning session, and criminal court ground out justice slowly but surely.

Some few citizens imbibed freely of the cup that intoxicates, but on a whole the day passed off without any serious disturbance.

President Asks People to Petition For Peace

Washington, Sept. 8.—President Wilson's prayer-day proclamation contains the following words: "The war draws millions of men into battle whom the counsel of statesmen have not been able to protect from the terrible sacrifice." He requests all God-fearing persons to unite in petitions to the Almighty God that, setting straight the things they cannot govern or alter, He vouchsafe healing peace.



AMERICAN RED CROSS RELIEF CORPS NOW ON ITS WAY TO WAR-STRICKEN EUROPE. The top picture is of the Hamburg-American liner Hamburg, repainted in red and white and renamed the Red Cross, just before it sailed from New York for Havre on Monday. Below at the left are (from left to right): Miss Helen Scott Hay, providing nurse; Miss Jane Delano, president of the American Red Cross, and Major Robert Patterson, in charge of the expedition. At the right is a group of the nurses photographed before sailing.

CLEARFIELD MAY HAVE BIG HOSPITAL

Site for Social Service Plant Being Sought in This County

WOULD BE AN IMMENSE AFFAIR

Most Comprehensive Social Service Planned by the Mercy Hospital of Philadelphia—Would be Used to House Negro Convalescents and Deficients.

Special to the Progress. Philadelphia, Sept. 8.—It is proposed to transfer the entire social service work of Mercy hospital to rural Pennsylvania. This plan anticipates the establishing of the most comprehensive social service plant in the world devoted to the uplift of the colored race.

A farm site for the proposed plant is now being sought in Clearfield county by the trustees of Mercy hospital, and when a suitable place shall have been secured buildings will be erected for the proper housing of convalescents, orphans and negro deficients who require changed environments, vocational training and hospital treatment along with general education.

It has been proved impractical to restore the chronic sick to health in a city hospital. The facilities for outdoor treatment, occupation and exercise are too restricted to produce the desired results and social conditions make all schemes for home treatment largely ineffective.

General hospitals are not to treat colored patients. The number of colored physicians and nurses has multiplied in recent years until it is now possible to not only equip a hospital with modern appliances for all departments of medical and surgical work but it is also entirely practical to people it entirely with colored physicians, surgeons, pharmacists and nurses all of whom possess the peculiar knowledge essential to the proper handling of colored patients.

The Mercy hospital plan of the day is to house them for medical and surgical treatment, but it is a serious business in the face of an ever growing

DEFENDING PARIS HERCULEAN TASK

At Least 270,000 Men Required to Defend the Forts

SEVENTEEN BIG FORTRESSES

Wall of the City Could be Knocked Down in a Few Hours by the Guns of the Enemy—Germans Will Have Hard Work in Attempting to Capture the French Citadel.

(SPECIAL TO THE PROGRESS.) Should the German army succeed in actually investing Paris, an army of at least 270,000 would be required to defend the French capital. To man the ring of forts that defends the city would require 170,000 men and there would have to be a reserve army of at least 100,000 men to take the places of the slain.

The forts that defend Paris are said to be the most formidable fortifications in the world. Certainly they are the most costly. They have cost the French nation something more than \$300,000,000.

Doubtless it is to be prepared to man the forts of Paris that the French war office has called to the colors every available reservist in the country. Obviously the huge French army now in the field would oppose the advancing Germans every inch of the way, fighting to the very environs of the capital. None of these troops could be spared to work the forts, so that a fresh army is needed to defend the capital in the remote contingency that the Germans actually invest the city.

In the system of defenses about Paris and all cities protected by modern works, the forts form only the skeleton of the fortified lines.

The bastioned wall which used to be relied upon as the main defense of a city is impossible today. A stone wall of the old type would today be reduced by modern siege guns in less time than it would take to tell it. And to surround a modern city with an impenetrable circle of forts would be an economic impossibility for the richest nation.

A space of six miles, at least, has to be left between the first ring (Continued on Page Eight)

TWO PRISONERS ESCAPE FROM COUNTY JAIL

Ralph Rasch, of Chester Hill, in jail on the charge of robbery, and Joseph Shubert, of Lufosa, charged with malicious mischief, escaped from prison sometime Monday morning. The boys were occupants of the women's apartment, which, not unlike other parts of the jail, is insecure, and they had little difficulty in loosening the bars of the cell door.

Reaching the porch roof of the jailer themselves to the ground by means of a rope, and then departed for parts unknown. They stole Harry Forester's bicycle, but abandoned it for the automobile of Stewart Hey, at the Century home. In this they rode for a short distance, but ran it into a ditch.

Although diligent search has been made for the escaped prisoners they are still at large. It was expected that the boys would be sent to Glen Mills at the present session of court as both of them are in need of reform.

Rasch and Shubert armed themselves with an iron bar and a pair of scissors, both ugly weapons, and they had been encountered by the jailer in laundry room. They undoubtedly would have used their weapons. They were seen to escape by a prisoner.

It is proposed to take The Daily Progress.

Austrians Destroy Bridge on the Border of Italy

(By International News Service) Lausanne, Switzerland, Sept. 8.—Two hundred thousand Austrians are massed near Trent and the railroad into Italy was blown up, according to a correspondent to the Gazette, wiring from Austrian Tyrol. He adds that all strategic positions are being fortified with guns and trenches with top speed.

Several Italians have been arrested and shot just over the frontier in the Austrian province of Istria. They were accused of trying to

AUSTRALIA STOPS FOODSTUFFS BEING SENT TO GERMANY

(By International News Service) Melbourne, Australia, Sept. 8.—Suspecting food shipments from Australia for Germany, the government has forbidden the exportation of wheat, corn and other grains to any place other than Great Britain.

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Blue Book," "The Black Boy," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER XIII.

No Quarter.

"Who else?"

"You would hear there in the hotel, substituted yourself for her, deceived me into thinking you were—"

"Of course," she said simply. "Why not? When I saw her sleeping there—the mirror of myself, completely at my mercy—what else should I think of than to take her place with the man I loved? I knew you'd never know the difference—at least I was fool enough for the moment to believe I could stand being loved by you in her name! It was only today, when I'd had time to think, that I realized how impossible that was!"

A sudden slap of the mainmast boom astirships and a simultaneous cry from over the stern roused Alan from his consternation to fresh appreciation of the emergency. With scant consideration he hustled the woman to the passageway and below, slammed the door and closed her in with the sliding hatch—all in a breath—then sprang to the taffrail, just in time to find a hissing hand sorely wanted by Mr. Barcus in his efforts to climb aboard, after he had pulled the dory up under the stern by its painter.

No came over the rail in a towering temper.

"I hope you'll pardon the apparent appearance," he suggested coolly, as man as able to articulate coherently—but may I inquire if that black-headed villain is your blushing sweetheart?"

Alan shook a helpless head. The man's faded reasonable expression, his smile—a feeble stagger at it with no such satisfaction either to himself or the outraged Barcus.

"We'll all be a damnable mistake! What her sister—I mean, the right wife sister—and her precise double—looked me—not quite right in the head, I'm afraid."

"How may well be afraid, you poor cat?" Mr. Barcus snapped. "You know what she did? Threw me overboard! Well! Came on deck a white flag, sweet as peach, and all of a sudden whips out a gun as big as a cannon, points it at my head and orders me to jump into the water. Before I could make sure I wasn't dreaming, she had fired twice—in the air—a signal to that blessed fisherman astern there—at least, they answered with two toots of a power whistle and charged course to run up to us. Look how she's gained already!"

"But how did she happen to throw you overboard?"

"Happen nothing!" Barcus snapped, getting to his feet. "She did it a purpose—flew at me like a wildcat, and before I knew what was up—I was slammed backwards over the rail!"

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," Alan responded gravely. "There's more to tell—but one thing to be done first."

"And that?" Mr. Barcus inquired suspiciously.

"To get rid of the lady," Alan announced firmly. "Make that fisherman a present of the woman in the case. You don't mind parting with the dory in a good cause—if I pay for it?"

"Take it for nothing," Barcus grumbled. "Cheap at the price!"

He took Alan's place, watching him with a sardonic eye as he drew the ladder in under the leeward quarter, made it fast, and repossessed the command.

As the girl came on deck without other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful sweetness, Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untempered malignity; her second, for Barcus, with a cunning lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognized how well the fisherman had fared up on the Seaventure.

"Friends of yours, I take?" Alan inquired civilly.

"With nodded."

"Then it would seem somewhat probable—personally included—if you'll be good enough to step into the dory without a moment's delay."

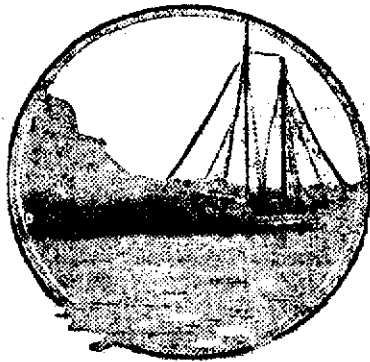
Without a word, Judith stepped to the rail and, as Barcus lifted, swung herself overboard into the dory.

Immediately Alan cast off, and as the little boat shivered off, Barcus, with a sigh of relief, brought the Seaventure once more back upon her course.

For some few minutes there was silence between the two men, while the tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman playing a brisk pair of oars.

Then, suddenly elevating his nose, Barcus sniffed audibly. "Here," he said sharply, "relieve me for a minute, will you? I want to go forward and have a look at that motor."

In the time that he remained invisible between decks the fisherman luffed, picked up the dory and its occupant, and came round again in open chase of the Seaventure.



Flames Licked Out All Over the Schooner.

this reek of gasoline; but just for moral effect, Phew-w! I'd give a dollar for a breath of clean air; I've inhaled so much gas in the last few hours I'm dry-cleaned down to my silly old toes!"

Gaining no response from Alan, he observed critically: "Chatty little customer, your are," and resumed the silence.

For thirty minutes nothing happened, other than that the sound of the fisherman's launch was stilled. It rested motionless in the water, two figures mysteriously busy in the cockpit, the Seaventure's dory trailing behind it on a long painter.

Gradually these details became blurred, and were blotted out by the closing shadows. The afterglow in the west grew cool and faint. The crimson waters darkened, to mauve, to violet, to a translucent green, to blackness. Far up the coast two white eyes, peering over the horizon, stared steadfastly through the dark. "Chatham lights," Barcus said they were.

Abruptly he dropped the glasses and jumped up. "Hear that!" he cried.

Now the humming of the motor was again audible and growing louder with every instant; and Alan, getting to his feet in turn, infected with the excitement of Barcus, could just make out at some distance a dark shadow beneath the dim, spluttering glimmer of light, that moved swiftly and steadily toward the Seaventure.

"What the devil!" he demanded, puzzled.

"You uttered a mouthful when you said 'devil'!" Barcus commented, grasping his arm and hurrying him to the leeward side of the vessel.

"Quick—kick off your shoes—get set for a milk-hug swim! Devil's work, all right!" he panted, hastily divesting himself of shoes and outer garments. "I couldn't make out what they were up to till I saw them lash the wheel, light the fuse, start the motor, and take to the dory. They've made on grand little torpedo boat out of that tender—"

He sprang upon the rail, steadying himself with a stay. "Ready?" he asked. "Look sharp!"

By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and coming to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure. For the next several seconds they were swimming frantically, and not until three hundred feet or more separated them from the schooner did either dare pause for breath or a backward glance.

Then the impact of the launch against the Seaventure's side rang out across the waters, and with a husky roar the launch blew up, spewing skywards a widespread fan of flame. Over the Seaventure, as this flamed and died, pale fire seemed to hover like a tremendous pall of phosphorescence, a weird and ghastly glare that suddenly descended to the decks. There followed a crackling noise, a sound as of the labored breathing of a giant; and, bright flames, orange, crimson, violet and gold, licked out all over the schooner, from stem to stern, from deck to topsails.

It seemed several minutes that she burned in this wise—it was probably not so long—before her decks blew up and the flames swept roaring to the sky.

By the time Alan and Barcus, swimming steadily, had gained a shoal which permitted them footing in waist-deep waters, the Seaventure had burned to the water's edge.

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FRENCH SCOUTS ON THE FIELD AT WATERLOO.

This photograph, taken when the Germans had not yet started their determined march toward the French capital, shows two French scouts on the historic field of Waterloo on the lookout for trace of a band of raiding German Uhlans. In the background of the picture can be seen the pyramid monument at Waterloo, surmounted by the British lion.

WAR MAPS FOR PROGRESS READERS

Valuable Aids to Understanding of European Situation

A HANDSOME PIECE OF WORK

With These Maps the Public Can Tell at a Glance the Location of the Cities and Towns Where the Fighting Nations are Struggling for Supremacy—How Maps May Be Procured.

In keeping with its determination to give the readers of the Progress the latest and best news of the great European war, the management of this paper has decided to distribute to the public at a nominal cost to the people an official map of the world, in which the big armies of the warring powers are fighting. With the aid of this map the citizen can trace accurately the movements of the armies and discover the scenes of battles as reported day by day in the news columns of the Progress.

This map is large, is printed in five colors, with the names and locations of the towns and cities, mountains, rivers and other data necessary to a complete understanding of the situation in the war zone. The map was originally made in Europe by the wax process, at once expensive and complete, and has been reproduced in this country on copperplate. The type is clear and the places sought by the man who is after information regarding the war are plainly marked. On the back of this map is to be found the latest and most authentic information regarding the nations now engaged in the conflict.

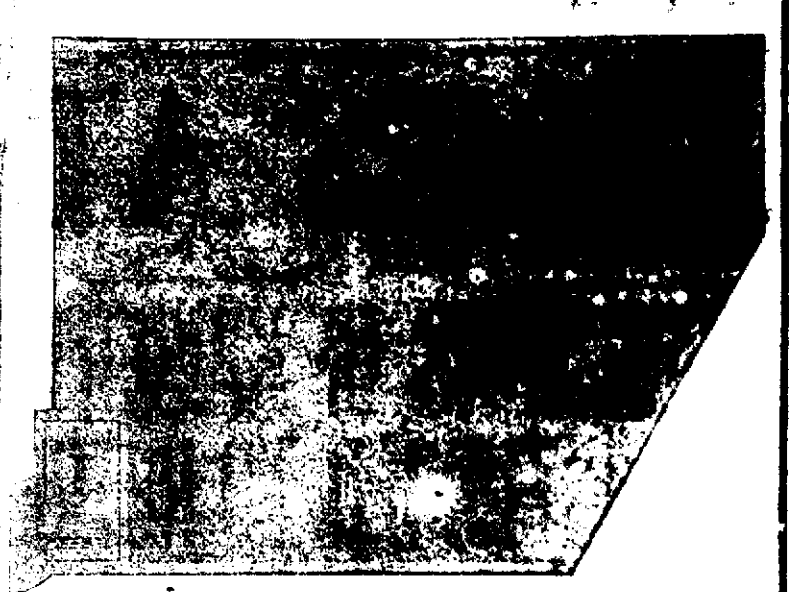
The Progress has been able to procure a number of these maps for distribution to those who wish to have an intelligent conception of the great events which are happening in Europe. To secure one of these maps the reader will cut the coupon from another page of this paper and present it, with ten cents, at the counter of the business office of the Progress and one of the maps will be handed to him. As the number of copies of the map which the Progress was able to get is limited it will be well for those who wish copies to call early.

The maps will be sent by mail either in town or out of town for 12 cents in coin, stamps or money order. They are really the most valuable maps of Europe that are being made and will prove a source of information to those who wish to keep abreast of the war.

If you wish to know the movements of the armies in the great European war, get one of these maps at once.

It's pleasing to take the Progress.

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By FREDERICK PALMER

A REMARKABLE story of war as waged with modern armaments in which aeroplanes and dirigibles play an important part.

A startling prophecy of the conflict in which the powers of Europe are now engaged

Written by a war correspondent of international reputation who has witnessed practically all of the conflicts of nations during the past twenty years.

Don't Fail to Read It!

A story without partisanship but which virtually recounts the terrific struggle now taking place in Europe—probably the greatest in the history of the world. Our new serial.

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Read it in The Progress Today

THE LAST SHOT

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by FREDERICK PALMER

In this story Mr. Palmer, the noted war correspondent, has painted as he has seen it on many battlefields, and between many nations. His intimate knowledge of armies and armaments has enabled him to produce a graphic picture of the greatest of all wars, and his knowledge of conditions has led him to prophesy an end of armed conflicts. No man is better qualified to write the story of the final world war than Mr. Palmer, and he has handled his subject with a master hand.

CHAPTER I.

A Speck in the Sky.

It was Marta who first saw the speck in the sky. Her outcry and her bound from her seat at the tea-table brought her mother and Colonel Westerling after her onto the lawn, where they became motionless figures, screening their eyes with their hands. The newest and most wonderful thing in the world at the time was this speck appearing above the irregular horizon of the Brown range, in view of a landscape that centuries of civilization had fertilized and cultivated and formed.

At the base of the range ran a line of white stone posts, placed by international commissions of surveyors to the north of an inch variation. In the very direction of the speck's flight a spur of tooth-hills extended into the plain that stretched away to the Gray range, distant at the distance of thirty miles in the bright afternoon light. Faithful to their post in refusing to cede, the white posts circled around the spur, hugging the levels.

In the lap of the spur was La Tir, the old town, and on the other side of the boundary lay South La Tir, the new town. Through both ran the dusty ribbon of a road, drawn straight across the plain and over the glistening thread of a river. On its way to the pass of the Brown range it skirted the garden of the Gallands, which rose in terraces to a seventeenth century house overlooking the old town from its outskirts. They were such a town, such a road, such a landscape as you may see on many European frontiers. The Christian people who lived in the region were like the Christian people you know if you look for the realties of human nature under the surface differences of language and habits.

Beyond the house rose the ruins of a castle, its tower still intact. Marta always referred to the castle as the baron; for in her girlhood she had a way of personifying all inanimate things. If the castle walls were covered with hoar frost, she said that the baron was shivering; if the wind tore around the tower, she said that the baron was groaning over the democratic tendencies of the time. On such a summer afternoon as this, the baron was growing old gracefully, at peace with his enemies.

Centuries older than the speck in the sky was the baron; but the pass road was many more, countless more, centuries older than he. It had been a trail for tribes long before Roman legions won a victory in the pass, which was acclaimed an imperial triumph. To hold the pass was to hold the range. All the blood shed there would make a red river, inundating the plain.

"Beside the old baron, we are parvenus," Marta would say. "And what a parvenu the baron would have been to the Roman aristocrat!"

"Our family is old enough—none older in the province!" Mrs. Galland would reply. "Marta, how your mind does wander! I'd get a headache just contemplating the things you are able to think of in five minutes."

The first Galland had built a house on the land that his king had given him for one of the most brilliant feats of arms in the history of the pass. Even the tower, raised to the glory of an older family whose descendants, if any survived, were unaware of their lineage, had become known as the Galland tower. The Gallands were rooted in the soil of the frontier; they were used to having war's hot breath blow past their door; they were at home in the language and customs of two peoples; there was a peculiar tradition, which Marta had absorbed with her first breath. Town and plain and range were the first vista of landscape that she had seen; doubtless they would be the last.

One or two afternoons a week Colonel Hedworth Westerling, commander of the regimental post of the Grays on the other side of the white posts, stretched his privilege of crossing the frontier and appeared for tea at the Gallands. It meant a pleasant half-hour breaking a long walk, a relief from garrison surroundings, and in view of the order, received that morning, this was to be a farewell call.

He had found Mrs. Galland an agreeable reflection of an aristocratic past. The daughter had what he defined vaguely as girlish piquancy. He found it amusing to try to answer her unusual questions; he liked the variety of her inventive mind, with its flashes of downright matter-of-factness.

Not until tea was served did he mention his new assignment; he was going to the general staff at the capital. Mrs. Galland murmured her congratulations in conventional fashion.

Marta's chair was drawn back from the table. She leaned forward in a favorite position of hers when she was intensely interested, with hands clasped over her knee, which her mother always found aggravatingly uncomfortable. She had a nose of 18th century

in repose. But capable of changing curves of emotion. Her large dark eyes, luminously deep under long lashes if not the rest of her face had beauty. Her head was bent, the lashes forming a line with her brow now, and her eyes had the still flame of wonder that they had when she was looking all around a thing and through it to find what it meant.

"Some day you will be chief of staff, the head of Gray army!" she suddenly exclaimed.

Westerling started as if he had been surprised in a secret. Then he flushed slightly.

"Why?" he asked with forced carelessness. "Your reasons? They're more interesting than your prophecy."

"Because you have the will to be," she said without emphasis, in the impersonal revelations of thought. "You want power. You have ambition."

He looked the picture of it with his square jaw, his well-moulded head set close to the shoulders on a sturdy neck, his even teeth showing as his lips parted in an unconscious smile.

"Marta, Marta! She is—is so explosive," Mrs. Galland remarked apologetically to the colonel.

"I asked for her reasons. I brought it on myself—and it is not a bad compliment," he replied. Indeed, he had never received one so thrilling.

His smile, a smile well pleased with itself, remained as Mrs. Galland began to talk of other things, and its lingering satisfaction disappeared only with Marta's cry at sight of the speck in the sky over the Brown range. She was out on the lawn before the others had risen from their seats.

"An aeroplane! Hurry!" she called. "How fast the speck grew!"

Naturally, the business of war watching for every invention that might serve its ends, was the first patron of flight. Captain Arthur Lanstron, pupil of a pioneer aviator, had been warned by him and by the chief of staff of the Browns, who was looking on, to keep in a circle close to the ground. But he was doing so well



"It Must Be Banded—'I'm Not Going to Faint!"

that he thought he would try rising a little higher. The summits of the range shot under him, unfolding a variegated rug of landscape. He dipped the planes slightly, intending to follow the range's descent and again they answered to his desire. The tower loomed before him as suddenly as if it had been shot up out of the earth. He must turn, and quickly, to avoid disaster; he must turn, or he would be across the white posts in the enemy's country.

"Oh!" gasped Marta and Mrs. Galland together.

In an agony of suspense they saw the fragile creation of cloth and bamboo and metal, which had seemed as secure as an albatross riding on the lap of a steady wind, dip far over, career back in the other direction, and then the whirring noise that had grown with its flight ceased. It was no longer

a thing of winged life defying the law of gravity, but a thing dead, falling under the burden of a living weight.

"The engine has stopped!" exclaimed Westerling, any trace of emotion in his observant imperturbability that of satisfaction that the machine was the enemy's. He was thinking of the exhibition, not of the man in the machine.

Marta was thinking of the man who was about to die. She rushed down the terrace steps wildly, as if her going and her agonized prayer could avert the inevitable. The plane, descending, skinned the garden wall and passed out of sight. She heard a thud, a cracking of braces, a ripping of cloth, but no cry.

Westerling had started after her, exclaiming, "This is a case for first aid!" while Mrs. Galland, taking the steps as fast as she could, brought up the rear. Through the gateway in the garden wall could be seen the shoulders of a young officer, a streak of red coursing down his cheek, rising from the wreck. An inarticulate sob of relief broke from Marta's throat followed by quick gasps of breath. Captain Arthur Lanstron was looking into the startled eyes of a young girl that seemed to reflect his own emotions of the moment after having shared those he had in the air.

"I flew!" he said. "And I'm alive. I managed to hold her so she missed the wall and made an easy bump."

He got one foot free of the wreck and that leg was all right. She shared his elation. Then he found that the other was uninjured just as she cried in distress.

But your hand—oh, your hand! His left hand hung limp from the wrist, cut, mashed and bleeding. Its nerves numbed he had not as yet felt any pain from the injury. Now he regarded it in a kind of awestruck stare of realization of a deformity to come.

"Wool-gathering again!" he muttered to himself crossly.

Then, seeing that she had turned white, he thrust the disgusting thing behind his back and twinged with the movement. The pain was arising.

"It must be banded!" he begged. "I'm not going to faint or anything like that!"

"Only bruised—and it's the left," he replied. Westerling arrived and joined Marta in offers of assistance just as they heard the prolonged honk of an automobile demanding the right of way at top speed in the direction of the pass.

"Thank you, but they're coming for me," said Lanstron to Westerling as he glanced up the road.

Westerling was looking at the wreck Lanstron, who recognized him as an officer, though in mufti, kicked a bit of the torn cloth over some apparatus to hide it. At this Westerling smiled faintly. Then Lanstron saluted as officer might salute across the white posts, giving his name and receiving in return Westerling's.

They made a contrast, these two men, the colonel of the Grays, swart and sturdy, his physical vitality so evident, and the captain of the Browns, some seven or eight years the junior, bareheaded, in dishevelled fatigue uniform, his lips twitching, his slender body quivering with the pain that he could not control, while his rather bold forehead and delicate, sensitive features suggested a man of nerve and nerves who might have left experiments in a laboratory for an adventure in the air. There was a kind of challenge in their glances; the challenge of an ancient feud of their peoples; of the professional rivalry of polite duelists. Lanstron's slight figure seemed to express the weaker number of the three million soldiers of the Browns; Westerling's bulkier one the four million five hundred thousand of the Grays.

"You had a narrow squeak and you made a very snappy recovery at the last second," said Westerling, passing a compliment across the white posts.

"That's in the line of duty for you and me, isn't it?" Lanstron replied, his voice thick with pain as he forced a smile.

There was no pose in his fortitude. He was evidently disgusted with himself over the whole business, and he turned to the group of three officers and a civilian who alighted from a big



IRISH LANCERS WARMLY WELCOMED IN BELGIUM.

The photographs shown above were taken two weeks ago when the French mounted troops first crossed the French front into Belgium to meet the onrushing German invaders. The picture shows a Belgian girl and her father greeting and directing the first two men of the army's vanguard. The photograph is of French lancers being greeted and supplied with food by Belgian peasants.

AT ONCE! CLOGGED NOSTRILS OPEN, HEAD COLDS AND CATARRH VANISH

Breathe Freely! Clear Stuffed-up Inflamed Nose and Head and Stop Catarrhal Discharges. Cures Dul Headache.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm"

Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open, you will breathe freely, dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold in head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of

the nostrils, penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which lines the nose, head and throat, clears the air passages, stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing, Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

Notice is Hereby Given

That application will be made to the Public Service Commission of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania by the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania for a certificate of public convenience, evidencing the Commission's approval of an agreement with the Penn Public Service Company for the joint use of poles the public hearing on which will be held in the rooms of the Commission at Harrisburg, on the 16th day of September, 1914, at 10 A. M., when and where all persons in interest may appear and be heard if they so desire. S 27 9 2.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons — the best of the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly. tf.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

FEATURING THE BIG UNIVERSAL PROGRAM 5 REELS---TO-NIGHT, SEPT. 8th

A Master of Burlesque "When Girls Join the Force"

"There is a Destiny" VICTOR

"The Miracle" ECLAIR

"A Rural Love Affair" Sterling

Mobilubricant

For Grease Cups, Steering Gears, Differential, Transmission, etc.

Put up in one-pound cans with force feed.

No Dirt. No Trouble. No Waste

Easy to Carry and Nice to Handle

25c per can

RUBBERSTONE

The Original Healing Treatment For Automobile Tires. It Heals Punctures Instantly and Effectively.

Prices: For a Tire up to 32x3 1-2 \$1.25 each. For a Tire 32x4 up to and including a 35x4 1-2 \$1.50 each. Larger Tires \$3.00 each.

Our Repair Department is Complete

Texaco

A High-Grade Automobile Oil. 60c

For a One-Gallon-Can

This is a special Introductory-Price, as the Oil alone sells at 60c in barrel lots

The can is square and has a detachable spout—it is a 25c article, all for 60c.

Oppo. Witmr Inn

HARDER'S GUN WORKS

Clearfield, Penn'a.

BY TAD

SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, - \$1,500,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.
H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.
W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Bell W. I. Betts John Dimeling
W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy
A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray
W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

BY TAD



tise in The Progress

**The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF**

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger, Jr.

Miss Mabel Orange and
Katherine Shearer spent Sunday
at Miss Orange's home in DuBois.

100

ending bladder disorders.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

A. W. LEONARDSON CO. MARKET STREET A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

Store Closed All Day Labor Day
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7



Sale of Bags and Cases at \$5.00

Only a few days before colleges will be opening their doors for the Fall Term, Students are making their going away plans. Luggage is one of the first essentials. Bags and Suit Cases must be provided for the trip. If you need either a Bag or Suit Case that you will be proud to have for a traveling companion we invite you to examine these Cow Hide Suit Cases and All Leather Bags with a Leather Lining. They come in several good styles and in sizes of 16 inches and 18 inches. They are Bags and Cases that sell in the regular way for \$6.00, \$6.50 and \$7.00 each.

NOTE WINDOW DISPLAY

FALL STYLES ARE IN EVIDENCE

Women's Ready-to-Wear Section is showing its usual preparedness in its present display of New Styles for early Fall. There is already an autumn atmosphere pervading this section. Each day new arrivals are taking their places here to swell the list and add to the attractiveness of the showing. One of our display windows forms the stage for a number of these new models which are making their appearance in Clearfield.

Our Millinery Section is fast assuming the appearance that denotes a preparedness for formal opening days. Under the direction of Miss Hazel Hume, who comes to us this season direct from New York, we promise the Ladies of this section styles direct from the Millinery Fashion Centres of the World. We hope to be ready to announce our millinery opening in a few days and give you an opportunity to express your approval of what appears at present to be the most wonderful display of Women's Millinery this store has ever shown.

NEW NECKWEAR AND FIXINGS

In a hundred new and pretty styles are having their first showing on our counters to-day. The many "Little Things" that make the difference between a dress and a costume are here in the most complete and up-to-date collection ever shown in this city. Neckwear, Ruffings, Ribbons, Belts, Bolting, Beads, Buttons, Pins, Rings and Bar Chains are here in wide variety. We need not tell you they represent fashion's latest and best.

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY

Used by Special Permission From the Chicago Tribune.

WHY ADVERTISE NOW?

We are asked to advise if, under present conditions, advertising should be curtailed.

But each line has its own unique "present conditions." Such a question involves several forms of advice.

These are boom times in some lines. Many factories are overwhelmed with orders. Some face a demand far beyond their capacity.

Some cater largely to farmers, and farmers in general seem this year to be getting rather more than their share of prosperity. The farmer with full pockets finds nothing too good for him. He's a magnificent spender.

These fortunate advertisers who are oversold can very wisely cut down on their advertising. There is no virtue in selling more than one can deliver.

There are other lines imported, or requiring imported materials, on which there is stoppage of supplies.

There are lines which for these, or other transient reasons, sell now at abnormal prices. There are lines sold at fixed prices, on which advancing costs have decimated profits for a time. On all such lines one might advise curtailment in all forms of salesmanship.

But "present conditions" in general mean a degree of depression, a shade of uncertainty. And the query is, if in such situations advertising should be curtailed or stopped.

By all means, no. Should a runner stop for a rising grade, or a swimmer for an adverse tide? If they did, where might there rivals in the race be when they started up?

Advertising ought to be the cheapest salesmanship. Also the most efficient. If it is that, then it is the last force to reduce. If it isn't, then it needs, in good or bad times, rehabilitation.

In national advertising our most prosperous times come during business depression. Then is when men who are on the right lines fight hardest. Then is when waste is eliminated, and the cheapest and best methods are used to the limit. And then is when the weak and inefficient abandon the field to the stronger.

There may be less business to get in dull times, but there are also less men who use the best ways to get it. Some of the greatest harvest ever gathered in advertising have been garnered in times of depression.

We find good advertising is rarely stopped by misfortune. It is ten times as often stopped by overdemand. The chief clients of this house are today pressing advertising harder than ever before.

But is this in reality any time to feel blue? Doesn't it look as though we might be on the verge of unprecedented business prosperity?

Home prospects look better than usual. Big crops at high prices bring smiles to the faces of nearly one-half of our people. The railroads got a little encouragement. Our new banking system will ward off some dangers.

Then what new boons may come to us---like gifts from the dead---as a result of this pitiful war? Reason tells us they must come if we reach out to get them. Life still flows on amid that devastation. People must be clothed and fed. And the markets abandoned by the nations which held them should be supplied by us.

When millions desert the arts of peace, those who abide, well-equipped and ready, surely ought to prosper.

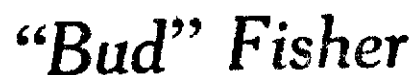
As for war news affecting the value of ads, it certainly doesn't detract from them. It is giving to advertisers increased circulation with no present advance in cost.

The argument that it makes newspapers too interesting is a new one in advertising. The most interesting magazines have always been the best patronized. Why should we seek for dull newspapers?

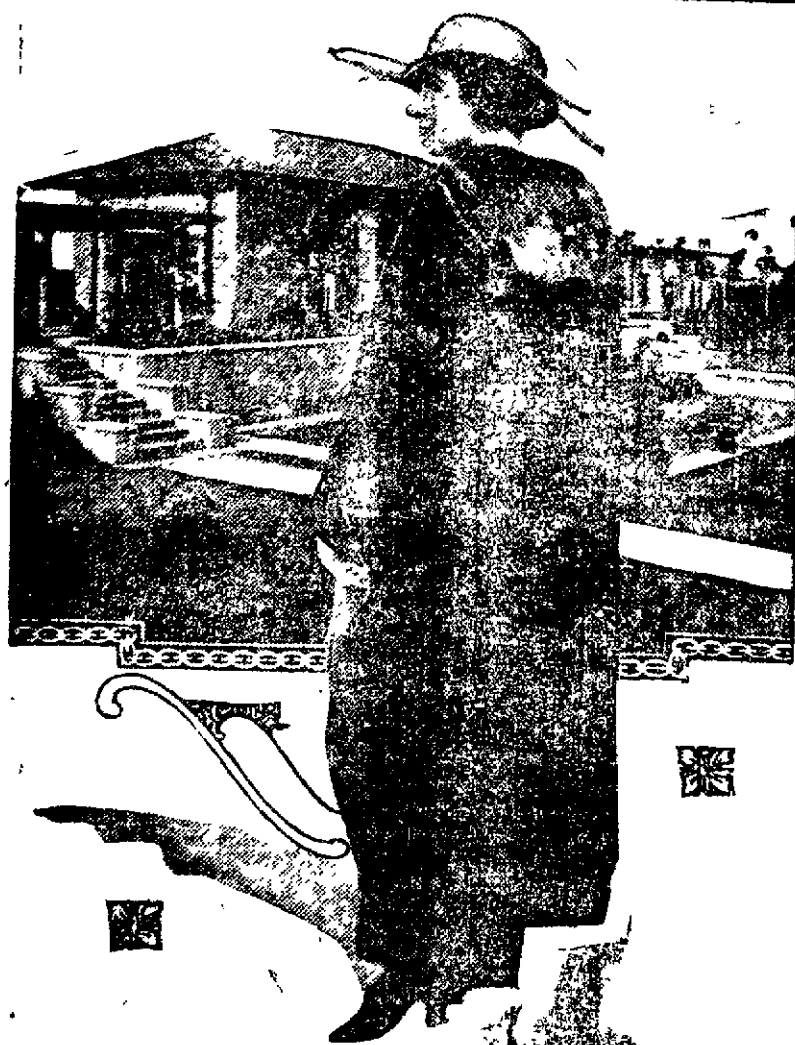
In any event, the average woman is not a great reader of war news. Her favorite pages in the newspaper remains about as ever. She is the household buyer. And the majority of advertising---even on men's things---depends on its appeal to her.

No, these are not times to cease advertising, save under rare conditions. The harder the fight the more one needs his best weapons. The more quitters there are the more there is for the rest of us. And we who keep ready and active and fit---who keep in the thick of things, dull times and good---will hold immeasurable advantages when the tide comes in.

LORD & THOMAS,
S. E. Corner Wabash and Madison Chicago.
CLAUDE C. HOPKINS, Vice-President



Styles for Coming Fall Coats



THE best selling styles in outer garments for fall will be coats with full backs and regulation coat fronts. In some instances these full backs impart the cape idea, while others are much more modified. Some coats have the fullness so arranged as to fall from a square or round yoke; in others the fullness starts from the shoulders.

As a rule, however, the belt does not draw in the garment, but simply holds the fullness in place. The full back coat with belt in front is also much in evidence in the new lines and is meeting with favor.

In addition to cape effects, a number of coats with short or medium length capes are being shown. These are generally made detachable and can be easily removed.

In France, the cape is the favorite wrap for daytime wear. A very charming model was made of blue serge with a collar of pique quite high in the

back. But velvet both for capes and for hats is the rage. The cape of velvet has a full collar. Fur is much used as trimming both on gowns and hats.

There is a new shade of brown which bids fair to be the coming color. It has been seen a number of times lately.

The latest notes of fashion are now received from Deauville, where the season reaches its height in August. Sweaters are worn with white serge skirts, but not the sweaters of last year. Reaching only to the hips, they are of brilliant hue, saffron yellow being most popular; natter blue and violet are also favored. These sweaters are either belted in as are the Norfolk jackets, or there is a belt of some other material tied at the side front, the ends of which are gathered and finished with a silk tassel.

The cape coat shown in the illustration is a stylish model of black velvet with coachman's collar of skunk.

DEFENDING PARIS HERCULEAN TASK

(Continued from Page One)

of forts and the city proper, to prevent the siege guns of the enemy coming within range of the city. Fort St. Cyr, in the second line of the Paris defenses is ten miles from the outer edge of the capital.

The forts about Paris are in a circle with a circumference of about sixty miles. The seventeen great fortresses which form the framework of this great system are said to have been erected at a cost of more than \$2,000,000. To build a solid wall of such forts would cost up in the billions of dollars and no nation is rich enough to undertake it.

Much of the system of fortifications about Paris is secret. Dotted all about the forts are small preserves, access to which is denied to the public. These conceal batteries. Vast lines of field works are designed for the spaces between the forts.

Under the modern theory of the defense of a city, by far the greater number of the heavy guns are fought from without the forts, not within. As the enemy naturally knows the position of permanent works, he will place his own artillery in positions where the guns of the forts can do the least harm.

While formerly all of the big guns were fought from within the fortresses, in modern warfare it is necessary to place them where their positions can be changed, as the fortunes of battle shift.

For this purpose there is now about Paris a military belt line railroad which connects with all the forts and which has spurs extending to all the places where it might be necessary to plant big guns in the event of investment by the Germans. With such a railroad, heavy artillery and ammunition may be speedily moved from one place to another.

The railroad is concealed from the enemy by a system of tunnels and sunken road-beds, where the lie of the ground does not afford natural concealment. On the other hand the military railroad system of Paris was laid out before aircraft scouting had gained its present efficiency.

The modern type of forts at Paris are shallow from front to rear, with two fronts facing the enemy and then meeting at an obtuse angle. The walls are of concrete reinforced with steel. The heavy guns inside are worked from disappearing turrets, being loaded behind the walls and then elevated and discharged.

These guns are aimed by officers in armored turrets, which rise long enough for them to take their observations, and then descend to safety, while the gunners elevate the guns to

the desired angle. When a gun is fired the recoil automatically causes the turret to fall back into place of safety from the enemy's fire. Searchlights are similarly worked from disappearing turrets.

The primary use of such forts is to keep the long range guns of the enemy at bay. It is not expected to repel an infantry charge, except with the aid of heavy artillery and infantry of its own force in the intervals.

If the besieger has the forts alone to cope with, it is possible for him to throw his infantry forward, while shell ing the forts, with less danger of annihilation. When a hail of several shells a second is striking a fort and exploding about it, there is great difficulty in working the guns, which are in constant danger of being hit. Also in the clouds of dust and smoke made by the bursting shells, it is hard for the defending gunners to locate the advancing columns of the enemy and fire effectively on them.

But it is one thing for the besieger to march through the intervals and take the city and quite another to take the forts. They are as a rule protected by barbed wire entanglements, intended to delay the charging infantry and hold it under fire from the fort and trenches immediately protecting the fort.

After the barbed wire has been cut or blown up by land torpedoes, built especially to smash such obstructions, the charging column have to pass over mined ground. The usual mines are those that can be fired electrically from within the fort which throw tons of rock and other missiles into the air. If these barriers are surmounted, the charging infantry must overcome a counter-charge from the infantry of the defenders, entrenched immediately before the forts.

If the enemy's attackers finally get at close quarters with the fort, they find it surrounded by a deep ditch thirty feet wide and filled with water, defended by marching guns trained lengthwise along the ditch and by infantry fire from ramparts within the forts.

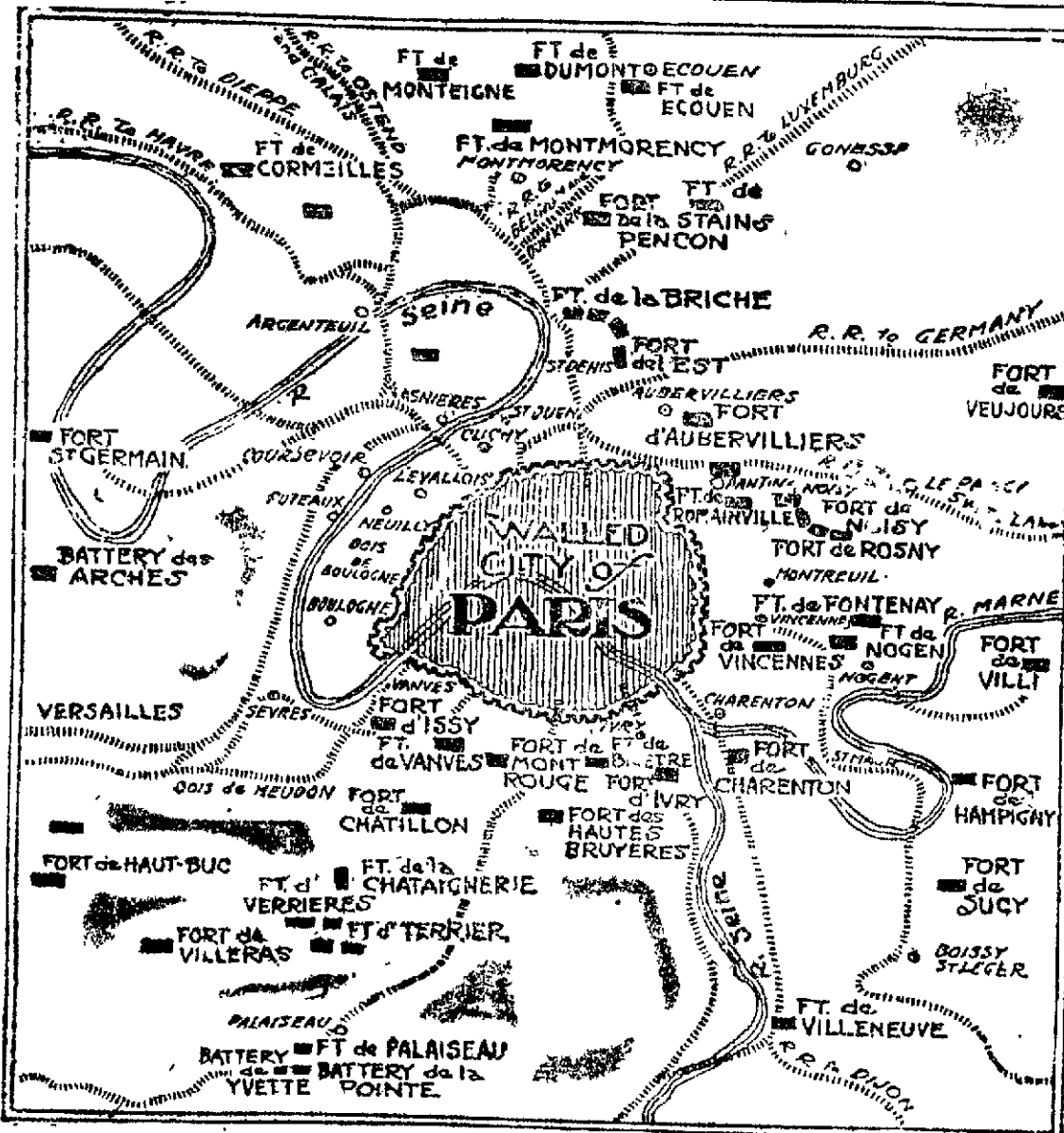
AUSTRIANS WILL BATTLE RUSSIANS

(Continued from Page One)

The Forty-fifth Austrian infantry was completely surrounded and the commander, 44 officers and 1600 men were taken prisoners.

Flanking Movement Under Way

While a large Russian army is driving the Austrians between the two rivers, other forces are engaged in a flanking movement to cut off the Austrians retreat and prevent the evacuation of reinforcements from reaching the scene.



WAR MAP OF PARIS SHOWING ITS ELABORATE FORTIFICATIONS.

Paris, Sept. 8.—With the German invaders only a few miles beyond the city's outer ring of forts a surprising calm pervades the city of Paris. Many Americans are still in the city and, now that the city gates have been closed, will not be permitted to leave until the crisis is past. General Gallieni, in absolute command, says that Paris can stand an indefinite siege.

Remarkable Promenade.

At a New York hotel a man who had suddenly become wealthy from an oil well venture had left his family, which had accompanied him to the city, in their rooms so long that they had become uneasy about him. At last he returned to the rooms, and to the anxious inquiry of his wife, "Where in the world have you been so long?" he responded, calmly, "I've just been in the cuspidore, walking pro and con."

Everyday Virtues.

An intrepid courage is at best but a holiday kind of virtue, to be seldom exercised, and never but in case of necessity, wrote John Dryden. Affability, mildness, tenderness and a word which I would fain bring back to its original significance of virtue, I mean good nature, are of daily use, they are the bread of mankind, and staff of life.

Daily Thought.

What do we live for if not to make the world less difficult for others?—George Eliot.

AN ORDINANCE.

Authorizing the construction of a sanitary sewer on Hannah and Olive Streets, in the Third Ward of the Borough of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, to extend from a point near the Lawrence Township line at the Western end of Hannah Street to the main sewer on Turnpike Avenue, and providing that the cost thereof be assessed back to the owners of the properties abutting on said streets.

Be it ordained by the Town Council of the Borough of Clearfield in Council regularly assembled, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by authority of the same:

Section 1. That a public sanitary sewer be laid out, constructed and built on Hannah and Olive Streets in the Third Ward of the Borough of Clearfield, Pennsylvania, to extend from a point near the Lawrence Township line at the Western end of Hannah Street East along said street to Olive Street, thence along Olive Street, North to Hannah Street and thence along Hannah Street to the main sewer on Turnpike Avenue; said sewer to be constructed of terra cotta pipe and to be not less than eight inches in diameter; and when completed the cost thereof shall be assessed back to the owners of the real estate abutting on said streets, which assessment if not promptly paid shall be collected from said abutting property owners as provided by law.

Section 2. The Utilities Committee of the Town Council is hereby authorized to lay out, build and construct said sewer under the direction and supervision of the Borough Engineer, and when said sewer is constructed it shall become one of the public sewers of said borough, and shall be subject to all the rules and regulations for the control of the sewerage system of the Borough of Clearfield.

Ordained and enacted this fifth day of August, A. D. 1914.

J. D. CONNELLY, Clerk of Council
FREDERICK P. KERR,
President of Council. Attest,
Examined and approved this fifth day of August, A. D. 1914.
HOBART CALLAHAN,
Chief Burgess.

The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WASHINGTON PARTY COUNTY COMMITTEE

James Mitchell, member of state committee for Clearfield county.

Standing Committee.

- Brislin borough—John D. Walker.
- Burnside borough—Robert Burns.
- Chester Hill borough—Edgar Schantz.
- Clearfield, 1st ward—Richard Paterson.
- Clearfield, 2nd ward—M.O.A. Sahn.
- Clearfield, 3rd ward—Lewis Shaffer.
- Clearfield, 4th ward—Ross A. Lambert.
- Coalport borough—F. M. Hahn.
- Curwensville, 1st ward—John Hudson.
- Curwensville, 2nd ward—Fred E. McKenzie.
- DuBois, 1st ward—A. O. Logan.
- DuBois, 2nd ward—Chas. Frey.
- DuBois, 3rd ward—John A. Carlson.
- DuBois, 4th ward—Morris Paterson.
- DuBois, 5th ward—Geo. Cyphert.
- Glen Hope borough—Jas Bratton.
- Grampan borough—J. S. Fleming.
- Houtzdale borough—George Gano.
- Irvona borough—S. K. Ames.
- Lumber City borough—S. C. Kirk.
- Mahaffey borough—E. E. Bennett.
- Newburg borough—W. W. Herd.
- New Washington borough—Wm. Estricker.
- Osceola borough—G. W. Mattern.
- Ramey borough—B. F. Allgood.
- Troutville borough—H. R. Lindsay.
- Wallacetown borough—R. W. Plance.
- Westover borough—J. B. McKee.
- Beccaria, Blain City precinct—J. A. Adorn.
- Beccaria, Beccaria precinct—Duncan Sommerville.
- Beccaria, Irvona precinct—J. H. Beachey.
- Beccaria, Utahville precinct—Jas. Cowen.
- Bell, Southern precinct—Fred Albert.
- Bell, Summit precinct—W. B. Stephenson.
- Bigler township—James H. Minds.
- Bloom township—Frank Feltzer.
- Boggs, Stoneville precinct—George Stover.
- Boggs, Blue Ball precinct—C. C. Gearhart.
- Bradford, Jackson precinct—J. G. Maines.
- Bradford, Bigler precinct—T. H. Stevens.

- Bradford, Woodland precinct—J. M. Baker.
- Brady, Helvetia precinct—Norman McGee.
- Brady, Luthersburg precinct—J. H. Edinger.
- Brady, Troutville precinct—A. Black.
- Burnside township, East Ridge—W. J. Westover.
- Burnside township, New Washington—Russell Rorobach.
- Burnside township, Patchinville—F. E. Crossman.
- Chest township—J. C. Cross.
- Covington township—Celest Veriot.
- Cooper, Kylertown precinct—H. G. Jones.
- Cooper, Peale precinct—Andrew Brown.
- Cooper, Winburne precinct—Chas. Johnson.
- Decatur, Centre precinct—Robert Patterson.
- Decatur, Graham precinct—John Fen ton.
- Decatur, Gearhartville precinct—Obadiah Long.
- Decatur, Kephart precinct—William Krouse.
- Ferguson township—E. E. Owens.
- Girard township—William Kirkwood.
- Goshen township—Warren Lingle.
- Graham, Centre Hill precinct—Thos Beveridge.
- Graham, Graham precinct—J. G. Maines.
- Greenwood township—David Patterson.
- Gulich, Ginter precinct—Ed. Pette-son.
- Gulich, Janesville precinct—John Harrington.
- Huston, Huston precinct—Brady Overton.
- Huston, Tyler precinct—Joe Morehouse.
- Jordan township—Chas. Sawyer.
- Karthauss, Cataract precinct—Karthauss, Karthauss precinct—J. W. Reese.
- Knox, Boardman precinct—Thos. French.
- Knox, Carnwath precinct—John M. Fleck.
- Knox, New Millport precinct—David Youcum.
- Lawrence, Clearfield precinct—Thos Hemphill.
- Lawrence, Glen Richey precinct—Jas. Norman.
- Lawrence, Hillsdale precinct—C. G. Morris.
- Morris, Ashcroft precinct—W. E. Johnson.
- Morris, Allport precinct—William Denshar.
- Morris, Morrisdale precinct—John Ball.
- Morris, Munsons precinct—B. W. Williams.
- Penn township—James D. Wall.
- Pike, Curwensville precinct—Chas. Bailey.
- Pike, Olanta precinct—C. P. Rowles.
- Sandy, Falls Creek precinct—J. C. Weaver.
- Sandy, Sabula precinct—Alex Bundy.
- Sandy, Clear Run precinct—Sandy, Sandy precinct—F. M. Timlin.
- Sandy, Oklahoma precinct—D. P. Christin.
- Union township—Samuel Beers.
- W. Edward, Sanborn precinct—D. J. Kloe.
- Woodward, Sterling precinct—Samuel Ransley.
- Woodward, N. Houtzdale precinct—William Bloom.
- Woodward, W. Houtzdale precinct—H. R. Feltzer.
- Yates, W. Yates precinct—J. C. Feltzer.

WANTED: A Bright Young Man

A long established and reputable house—40 years in business—has an opening in this city for a resident representative. His time will be largely his own; the work is pleasant and agreeable; his pick-up wages more than \$3000 on the business done, and previous experience is not essential. This is an ideal opportunity for a young man of good appearance, wide circle of acquaintance and a genuine desire to make good in a profitable field of work. The earliest reply will receive first consideration.

FOSTER GILROY
391 Lafayette Street
New York

Worth More.
"Why should a married man be paid more than a single man?" "The married man ain't so anxious to get home early," declared the boss.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Always Rings True.
Behind joy and laughter there may be a temperament coarser, hard and callous. But behind sorrow there is always sorrow.—Oscar Wilde.

Don't Be Discouraged.
When a man begins to find himself feeling discouraged and depressed over the slow progress of civilization, he ought to remember that he very seldom sees a patient rocker now.

After the Ball.
"Didn't you find him wonderfully light on his feet for such a heavy built man?" "Oh, yes; he was light enough on his own feet."—Lila.

New Opera House Friday Night SIDNEY R. ELLIS PRESENTS The Singing German Dialect Comedian



AL H. WILSON

IN HIS SONG ADORNED COMEDY
"When Old New York Was Dutch"

NEW SONGS
When I First Met You. Moon-Moon-Moon.
When The Roses in Spring Bloom Again:
Mister Bear, and others.

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 Seats Now on Sale



The builder who makes this his headquarters for hardware has the satisfaction of knowing that his reputation for using the best of everything in his construction work will be upheld by what he gets here, as we handle only first-class goods. Prices most reasonable. And for variety and completeness of stock, we lead. A complete line of tools also for every mechanical operation.

Both Phones.



Need Any Fruit Jars?

The canning season brings a demand for sealers which we prepared for months ago. We have the pint, quart and half gallon round clear glass Mason Jars at 50c for pints, 60c for quarts and 75c for 1-2 gallons per doz.

Thin cans	45c doz	Heavy Jar Rubbers	10c doz
Sealing Wax	5c pkg	All kinds of Spikes	5c doz
Sealing String	5c doz	Light Jar Rubbers	5c doz
Parowax	10c pkg	Wide Mouth Rubbers	10c doz
Jelly Moulds	25c doz	Jar Wrenches	15c each
		Preserving Kettles	25c up

SEE OUR NEW LINES OF SHOES
The Walker & Johnson for Men. The Patrician and Rose for Ladies.

A Growing Dry Goods and Dep't. Store ROSS & WOODS



Cut Your Cost of Candle-power

Look at your lamps—examine the inside carefully. Every looped lamp wastes your money and keeps you from getting the light you ought to have. Replace all the wasteful lamps with thrifty

Colonial MAZDA Lamps

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